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"SMARANDA"

Opera in 3 Acts

"SMARANDA"

Poem by

ALINA BRATOVITZA

Author of "The Gypsies" - Dimbovitzca  
OPERA IN 3 ACTS

DRAVATIS PERSONAE

Stefan	A young soldier
Smaranda	His bride
His Mother.	
Tigrina	"Sister of the cross" to Smaranda.
Actre	A Fortune-teller.
Father Andrei	A Priest

Theatrical Characters. - Gypsies. - A Merchant  
Gypsies, etc., etc.

The Scene is laid in Roumania.

Royal  
Academy  
of Music  
Library

"A C M A N A M E "

OPERA IN 3 ACTS

YOST

HYPERION

"S M A R A N D A"

Opera in 3 Acts

Poem by

ALMA STRETELL

Author of: "The Bard of the Dimbovitzza

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Stefan

A young soldier

Smaranda

His bride

His Mother.

Ileana

"Sister of the cross"  
to Smaranda.

Astra

A Fortune-teller.

Father Andrei

A Priest

Villagers, - Soldiers, - Gipsies, - A Messenger  
(latter Children, etc.etc.)

The Scene is laid in Roumania.

"S A M A L A N D A "

Opera in 2 Acts

Four parts

ALMA STRILLET

Author of: "The First of the Diplomatics"

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

A young soldier

Soldier

His bride

Sister

"Sister of the colonel"

Sister

To Susanna

The Major

A Captain-Jeffre

Major

A Friend

Esquire

Alfie - Soldier - Officer - A Member

Gigliher - eco - eco

The scene is laid in Bonn.

A C T I.

FIRST SCENE.-

Church in background & C. with steps leading up to it - large door - interior very much decorated, - Oriental in character, with palm branches & figures of saints & angels & devils in delicate & artistic colours. To right a porch, leading up-hill to a country church-yard, fallen blossoms on some of the graves. On left, a large practicable apple tree in blossom, under which a round seat. High away in background the village Cross with three or four steps leading up to it. To right a large log covered with moss and ivy.

The drop-scene represents landscape with purple mountains & rocks & small cottages, fields of maize up sides of hills. Small streams running down the mountain sides. The borders should be likewise trees in bloom. It is Spring - the whole scene gay with blossoms & mayflowers, Sun shining brightly. (All lime lights from one side). Branches of trees waving in the breeze.

(Before rise of curtain a few bars of the dance & voices).

(Curtain rises on the Dance)

From left back & right front enter old Men & Matrons, conversing gaily & carrying baskets of flowers & wine-bottles. The men wearing large button-hole bouquets. They group themselves on steps of Cross, on the log, & on seat under tree. The young people enter principally L.U.E. They come in groups of three, i.e. one Man & two Girls, (latter carrying bouquets, Men with button-holes). They enter with dancing step, singing, & stand on steps of Church, of Cross, etc. Eighteen dancers enter dancing. Everyone smiling & gay. Scene must be full of action.

A C T I.

FIRST SCENE

Church in Poldromond & Co. with a few flocks  
in front - just a very small flock seen.  
Oriental in character, with thin plumes & long beaks  
and a small & delicate beak & feathers & striped  
tail. To bring a bird, I said to him to a country-side  
town where there was no game or flocks. On the  
descriptions above please to choose which may fit  
best. Here's news in Poldromond who will come with  
you or have a few flocks in front. To bring a bird  
to cover better with more sand than

The good scene before us is made with birds  
& rocks & easily approachable. It is to make it  
difficult. Smallish shrubs lining down the landscape  
here. The borders should be thickets of trees fit to  
spring - the whole scene by with flowers & many flowers.  
Sun shining brightly. (All time happens from one side).  
Bristles of trees waving in the breeze.

(Before this is outside a few paces of the scene & voice).

(Church scene on the Stage)

From left poor & hump-backed old man & miser.  
Counterparts of him & scaly-pates of flowers & vines  
opp'ites. The men wearing hats proper-hat  
they stand themselves on steps of grass, on the floor, & on  
steps higher still. The arms being proper  
they come in trouble of great, i.e. one man & two girls,  
(upper scaly-pates partners, men with proper-hats). They  
either with dancing steps, shouting, & singing or steps of  
church, or of grass, etc. The first square upper  
harmonies & sea. Some will be full of song,

## P R O L O G U E

### Scene I.

### Dance.

*The Crowd.* *Stefan is seen in the foreground. A dance is in progress.*

(This scene full of movement, different groups entering during its course.)

*Maidens.*

Maidens. He turned his head away and give him smile,  
That he might not see my hut, from behind the hill.  
My apple trees were all in bloom,  
The dogs were sleeping when he passed,  
He turned his head away.

*Lads.*

And do ye know the way he went, the leaf to the tree is  
Or the likeness that he bore ?  
What shape his glistening daggers were,  
The fashion of his mantle's hem,  
The colour of his steed ?

*Ladies.*

He was a Heiduck, yet he passed  
So swiftly by, we ne'er shall know  
What skill he sheweth in the dance, (business)  
Or what the shape his daggers were.  
He drank from out the river clear,  
And cast no glahce upon the maidens.

*A Lad.*

Go ! let her be !  
*Stefan is heard singing outside)*

*Stefan comes slowly, with some older people)*  
(Prologue ends here.)

*A Lad.*

Greet him with one more cheer !

*(Stefan's voice is heard nearer)*

*All.*

Hail to Stefan ! the Heiduck brave and gay !

*(Fortune Teller breaks in & pushes her way rudely through the group)*

PROLOGUE

Scene I. Stage

(This scene till to movement differing from  
spectre during the course.)

The purring hissed swan  
That oft doth see us pure  
A soft voice were still in gloom  
The does were渐渐ly more he passed  
He purring hissed swan.

And go the howl the was the new  
Or pine timbered pine the port  
With noise like a whispering whisper were  
The lassion of the sample a new  
The cojoin of his speed t

He was a Hesiodic, Asp he assed  
So wittily pa. we in, er assit them  
With softness in the newspaper in the houses  
On wavy pine noise his a whisper were  
He durst not own up the river of fast  
And case no saying about his mother.

(Spells it a hating himming on page)

(Plotting under here.)

SCENE 2.

The Crowd. Stefan ! Stefan ! The bridegroom ! Draws he near ?  
We love the hero and his name is sweet today !  
To call to mind as chimes of Sunday bells.

Maidens. The ways shall be white that he travels by,  
The maidens shall come forth  
And stand at their doors and give him smiles,  
And the sun shall come forth from behind the cloud.

Mother. For the stars love to look on his slumbers so peaceful,  
And the sun loves to shine where he valiantly fights,  
His weapon is light as the leaf to the tree is,  
As the first of white bloom on the appletree's bough.  
For he is of those who would journey forth gladly  
In the glow of the sun with a smile on his face.

Ileana. Watch for his coming ! Proud will be his mien,  
The dagger at his belt be dancing gaily,  
I'm glad he is a hero who will wed us here ?  
Smaranda, my dear sister of the Cross.

(gesture) A Girl. See there amid the throng his mother waits  
With darkened brow, methinks she's loth to lose  
The hero from her hearth.

A Lad. Go ! let her be !  
There should no lowering looks be here today,  
Where all is joy.

Others. The Turks ? God I say not so !  
(Enter Mother slowly, with some older people)

A Lad. (Stefan is heard) Greet him with one more cheer !

Fortune-Teller. Even (Stefan's voice is heard nearer) ye quake with dread,  
Yet might the foe full well be driven back,  
If heroes as of old could shield this land.  
Hail to Stefan ! the Heiduck brave and gay !  
The song and dance they love, the sword they fear.

(laughing)  
(Fortune Teller breaks in & pushes her way rudely through the group)

SCENE 3.

Spelts ! Spelts ! The prigebrown ! Dismal is the west ?  
We take the road and this name is a waste  
To call up which is a name of Sunday best.

The Crowd.

The was a missus' bed window pane  
The widow was come to town  
And spread up paper doors and give him a wife.  
And the man was come to town peddling fine cloths.

Miseries.

To the pastor who took on his lampreys to besiege  
And the man took on his lampreys to fight  
His nephew is as tall as the tree is  
As the tree is tall to take on his lampreys a pony.  
To the wolf to the man with a wife on his nose.  
If the wolf to the man with a wife on his nose.

Mopper.

Woods for his coming ! Bring will be his wife.

Itens.

The dagger of his wife ed消灭他妻子.

I'm glad he is a hero who will wed  
Sundays, the deer sister of the Goss.

A girl.

Go ! If you're dead !  
There should no fighting for me today  
Mother still is fat.

A tag.

(Hyper Mopper shows a wife with some other people)

A tag.

Green hair with one more officer !

(Spells, a voice in hearing distance)

All.

Hill go Spells ! The Hildbrown please sing us !

(Lorraine Teller dresses in a drapery her as a  
large party for the stoners)

Fortune-  
Teller

(with a  
grim  
sneer)

Stay, fools, your merriment ! why, what is here ?  
And is it thus ye whet your warriors' swords -  
With song - and dance ? Is there no eye, no wit  
To mark the doom poised threatening overhead ?  
Ah ! see them smile ! No thought but for today !  
Andyet today their hours of joy are numbered,  
E'en now the cloudy wings of monstrous Fate  
Loom spanning all their sky !

The crowd. What means the witch ?

Yea ! yea, Stefan !

Shepherd  
Lad.

Old raven, wherefore sound thy croaking note ?  
That breaks with jarring discord on our song ?

Fortune-  
Teller

And thou can'st ask ? thou that about these hills  
Feedest thy flock, hast thou not from yon heights  
Marked the swift signs upon the plain below ?  
Can every one of you not read and tell  
The dreadful message of those distant fires ?  
Did not your fathers, in the years gone by,  
Fight to the death to hold the passes here ?  
Do not their bones lie bleaching on these slopes ?  
Think ye, the vulture that once gorged on them  
Is sated now ? Nay, idlers, dream not so, shall know.  
He scents this easy prey - and circles near.  
(she scornfully points at the people)

(gesture  
according  
teller)

Some of the crowd.

Mean'st thou the Turks ?

Mother,  
Others.

The Turks ? God ! say not so !

(Stefan's voice heard singing quite near)

(Stefan is heard nearer )

Fortune-  
Fortune-

Some of the  
people.

Others.

Even so, the Turks. (sneers) Ah ! now ye quake with  
Yet might the foe full well be driven back,  
If heroes as of old could shield this land.  
But we have only vain, weak triflers here,  
The song and dance they love, the sword they fear.

(laughing)

Even so;  
Till more be known, put fearful thoughts aside,  
At least upon this joyous marriage day.  
The bridegroom comes at last.. Now hail, Stefan !

Lolpumee  
Teller  
(Mifin a  
erlin  
smear)

Shedherd  
Isaq  
Lolpumee  
Teller

(Beapme  
socordine)

Some of the crowd.  
Meets up with the Tumme's

Officer.

(Spells it as I heard it)

Lolpumee-

Leave us, the Tumme. (name) You ! now we drake with  
You might be too full well ed drake post,  
It heroes as to old country friend this land.  
Dug we have only this, west pictures here.  
The some and those you, the road find less.  
(Tunepitie)

(Sings in broken English)  
I am a good boy, I am a good boy,

The Tumme ? God ! say you so !

Mother. (who has been coming nearer, with indignant mien)

Thou liest ! Know, there is one hero still,  
One, one at least like those who fought of old -  
Stefan, my son. Now by his father's soul,  
And by the souls of all our heroes slain  
That round about us stand, I swear an oath  
That he shall lead these on !

The crowd.

(Yea ! yea, Stefan !

Fortune-  
Teller.  
(sneers)

There was once such a hero, ah ! but now  
Love's flowery chains have bound Stefan to earth,  
Love's pretty tricks have snared him, and he lies  
Drowsy with love ! - the hero is no more.

Mother.  
(indignant)

Blind seer ! Thou dost not know him, - but I know !  
I know the sword that in that scabbard lies,  
The steel is true, it was not forged to fail;  
Or, if my Stefan fail us, - then these hands  
Shall from my threshold thrust him out on Death,  
And bar my doors against him. I have said !

Fortune-  
Teller.

Swear what thou wilt ! What Fate wills we shall know.  
Yet must I speak one warning. Stefan's bride  
Pours weakness, and not strength, for him to drink,  
Into the marriage-cup. Take heed of her,  
She will not help him gird his weapons on !

Mother.  
(aside)

Too true ! - And I must see him wed !

(Stefan's voice heard singing quite near)

Fortune-  
Teller.

Think'st thou because young Love has set  
His seal on me, I can forget  
My faithful love, that was of old ? He comes,  
And I go hence, - yet hear my word once more:  
Though Joy be with you, - Doom is at your door.

Some of the  
people.

And shall we heed her word ? She speaks alone,  
No other gave us warning.

Others.

Even so;  
Till more be known, put fearful thoughts aside,  
At least upon this joyous marriage day.  
The bridegroom comes at last.. Now hail, Stefan !

(Woo jaa peen country master, wipp tundisung mien)

Topfner. (Woo jaa peen country master, wipp tundisung mien)  
Topfner. (Woo jaa peen country master, wipp tundisung mien)  
Topfner. (Woo jaa peen country master, wipp tundisung mien)  
Topfner. (Woo jaa peen country master, wipp tundisung mien)  
Topfner. (Woo jaa peen country master, wipp tundisung mien)

Yes ! Yes, Speisen !

The crowd.

There was once a boy a hero, his dad was  
Love, a flower girl gave him a kiss to satisfy  
And a pretty picture print out of Despi.  
Drama with love ! - the hero is no more.

Topfner -  
Teffler.  
(sister)

! wo ! Diving deer ! That goat son min, - but I know  
The people in place, if it was not long ago to list;  
Or, it was Spetsi list me, - print out of Despi.  
And part the good sadness him. I have said !

Topfner.  
(mother)

Swear with your wife ! Miss I see we miss him.  
Keep map I carry one wristband. Speisen a pride  
Bones messmeier, this son of a band, for min go drink,  
Two fine wristbands-club. Take need of her,  
The will not feel min like this was done on !

Topfner -  
Teffler.

Too fine ! - And I want see min wed !

Topfner.  
(sister)

(Speisen, a voice heard during dance scene)

He comes  
And I go home, - keep next the word one more.  
Topfner took pe my home, - Dook is sp bout good.

Topfner -  
Teffler.

And off to the beer fest word ? She always stone,  
No officer save the wristband.

Some officer  
boarder.

Here so ;  
This mother be known, but testify prouesses said,  
Up Jasep now this token wristband gsa.  
The bridge too come up Jasep.. Now just, Spetsi !

Officer.

SONG. Stefan.  
(Enter Stefan)

I am the Heiduck - all the din of battle  
Stefan. (shaking hands right & left) my heart can waken,

Greeting I give to all kind hearts no longer know her freedom,  
Who wish me well ! To those my comrades  
(putting his hand on his mother's shoulder) With whom I shared my childhood's joys,  
And at whose side in later years  
I fought for this our land; yet, mother, me,  
Though hot my blood be, (kneels to his mother);  
To thee I give my tenderest greeting - touch thee,  
And here I bow my head before thee. haunted.

It is thy voice that rules my will unconquered,  
(The crowd respectfully goes back) my before me,  
And this the secret fear that fills my spirit  
The fear of wounding one dear heart that bore me.  
Even as the tall proud maize doth bow  
Its head towards the plain, its mother,  
Crowd. (through) Asking thee once again to bless me ?

Mother. (laying both hands on his head) in of battle  
No spark of dread within his heart can waken.  
I bless thee, son, and yet my heart Freedom  
Is heavy, for I know the dawn foemen taken !  
Of this thy merry marriage morn  
Is but the setting of my sun,  
Mother. (comes forward) My work is o'er, - my day is done.  
Henceforth our ways must lie apart.

Stefan. (firing up & suddenly rising) Will  
Or giving heart and blood and hand (Bells heard)  
Unsay that word, dear mother, mine,  
I Think'st thou because young Love has set  
His seal on me, I can forget  
(She is) Thy faithful love, that was of old? is  
Nay, rather more a thousandfold  
I am a loving son of thine.  
(Six or eight Acolytes enter with tapers )

(Upper Speller)

Speller. (Aristocratic names before a fife)

Georgine I sive po siti king george  
Who will we flee ! To please my comrade  
With whom I shan't we quite good a fife.  
And as worse sive in fifer arise  
I long for this our fife; here, master,  
(Wife to po this mother)

To fife I sive the purer fife  
And here I sow the new before fife.

(The crowd takes up the post)

How now as the post bring me some good  
The new post bring the birds, for master  
Yester day you come say to me ?

Holiday. (Playing postman on his way)

I hear fife, now sing ay my master  
Is Jesus, for I know this day  
To find the master mistake many  
It's up the steps to the sun,  
Ma son is over - we shall be gone.  
Henceforth out was a man ife apart.

Speller. (Tiring in a suddenly fatigue)

Unsay this word, dear master, mine  
Thinking up your presence some love this day  
How easy on me, I can forget  
To distinguish love, first was to old it  
May, master more a pioner  
I am so fatigued.

SONG. Stefan.

I am the Heiduck - all the din of battle  
No spark of dread within my heart can waken.  
I own no lord ! My spirit knows her freedom,  
May not by chains be bound or foemen taken.

(putting his arms round her shoulders)

Chorus. Yes, oh, my mother, there is one can rule me,  
Though hot my blood be, and my pride undaunted;  
And when beside our hearth I sit and watch thee,  
I know one fear wherewith my soul is haunted.

It is thy voice that rules my will unconquered,  
Thine is the hand that points the way before me,  
And this the secret fear that fills my spirit  
The fear of wounding the dear heart that bore me.

Crowd. (thronging round Mother & Stefan)

He is the Heiduck - all the din of battle  
No spark of dread within his heart can waken.  
He owns no lord, his spirit knows her freedom  
May not by chains be bound or foemen taken !

Mother. (caressing him)

I give thee thanks, my son, and ask  
Only that thou keep steadfast still,  
In joy and sorrow, this thy will  
Of giving heart and blood and hand      (Bells heard)  
To guard from cruel foes thy land,  
Dying ere thou renounce the task.

(She is here interrupted by the wedding bells)

(Enter Smaranda in an ox-cart covered with spring  
(Six or eight Acolytes enter with tapers ) their horns  
The cart with Smaranda, - a other young girls  
walk beside it.)

(All run & group round the cart, throwing flowers  
at the bride, - after which Acolytes and people  
enter the church, )

Song. Spells

I am the Heidborn - It is the gift to people  
Who burst to burst without my master can master  
I own no lord ! My sister now her freedom  
May not be ousted be bound or to whom her master.

(Promising this song for Almudena)

Yes, no, un master, where is one who may rule me  
Through you my blood be, and the bridge disappears;  
And when besides our master I am the sun myself  
I won the last masterhip my soul to himself.

If it is your voice that rules my will commanding me,  
This is the first time that my master before me  
And this the secret last song left me alone  
The last of moments the dear master gave to me

Crown. (Promising to sing Mopert & Spells)

He is the Heidborn - It is the gift to people  
Who burst to burst without his master can master  
He owns no lord, his sister now her freedom  
May not be ousted be bound or to whom her master !

Mopert. (Increasing him)  
I give you pleasure, my son, and say  
Only you from keep especially him  
In joy and sorrow, this my wife  
Of giving master and blood said friend (Bella herself)  
To saving from cruelty does my king  
Dying the pain removes the pain.

(She is here interrupted by the wedding bell)

(Six or eight pages over with paper)

(Enter young Girls & Boys, strewing flowers.  
Baskets of flowers & wreaths are swung over  
their shoulders with bright ribbons.)

Smaranda. (Some of the children walk backwards,  
strewing flowers.)

Chorus. 'Tis today the marriage morn,  
And we have brought the bride,  
Fragrant flowers all wet with dew, down stage,  
From meadows far and wide. (Re.)

Stefan. (to) Violets and anemones, a tree  
And green-leaved myrtle bright, golden bride,  
Hyacinths with their bells of blue, yearn  
And apple blossoms white. that binds for eye.

Smaranda. As upon her way we strew lay asleep,  
This glowing carpet seeet, lance a dream drew nigh,  
Do thou, Life, with open hands, train,  
Strew joys beneath her feet. note in the sun.  
They went first, and on the meadow met thee  
A modest woman, and she took thy hand....  
(Acolytes begin to distribute tapers. more,  
As the people get their tapers, they  
go up towards church, looking out for Smaranda.)

Stefan. (car) Breezes, let them safely bear more, love ?  
These marriage tapers home, sorrow to thy heart ?  
So their lives, unhurt by storm,  
Shall safe to haven come. bode trouble in a dream.  
Smaranda. Oh, let us know what trouble - let us ask  
Yon gipsy wife that watches us afar.

### Scene III

(Here a little cloud comes over the sun)

(Enter Smaranda in an ox-cart covered with spring  
branches, drawn by two white oxen, their horns  
garlanded with flowers. Two young girls are in  
the cart with Smaranda,- & other young girls  
walk beside it.)

(All run & group round the cart, throwing flowers  
at the bride,- after which Acolytes and people  
enter the church.)

(Upper Aonue Gritte & Rose, extreme left flowers.  
Designs of flowers & insects the same over  
these showpieces with piping supports.)

(Some of the cut flowers with deskware,  
arranging flowers.)

The posy the mattock  
And we have brought the pride  
Lasting flowers fit for wife  
How we grow our wife.

Atofara and sunflowers,  
And green-leaved wattle  
Hacking with great skill to pine  
And baby possum wife.

A dozen here was we spent  
The flower bed sleep soon  
Do you, life, with other friends,  
Stern face persists for sleep.

(Acolapae ready to display pose.  
As the boughs beg great pleasure, fire  
So the powdery cutch, looking out for garments.)

Breathes, for your safety best  
These will be paper house,  
So great flies, running by a port  
Sifts else to never come.

### Scene III

(Upper garments in an ox-cart covered with earth  
passenger, drivers by the wife oxen, great horses  
standing with flowers. Two hours flies sit in  
the cart with garments, - & after hours drive  
with beasts off.)

(All run & stand looking the cart, showing flowers  
as the pride, - sleep with Acolapae and be able  
super fine bunch.)

(Sefan goes to meet Smaranda, & lifts her from the cart.)

Smaranda. Beloved, I would speak a word to thee,  
While these make ready in the church for us,  
One whispered word, no more than when the wind  
Ripples across the maize....

(Astra watches them, ominously comes down stage, & then exit for part of time.)

Sefan. (taking Smaranda under the tree)

Speak, golden bride.  
But let thy words be speedy, for I yearn Heaven,  
To bind thee with the link that binds for aye.

Smaranda. Hark ! Yester-even, as I lay asleep, at my dream,  
Beneath the moon's bright glance a dream drew nigh,  
And in the dream I saw our bridal train, at ?  
That crossed a meadow snow-white in the sun.  
Thou wentest first, and on the meadow met thee  
A snow-white woman, and she took thy hand....;  
Then mists enwrapped thee and I saw no more,  
But ah ! my soul is troubled.ys like flowers.

Sefan. (caressingly) Wherefore, love ?  
Why should this dream bring sorrow to thy heart ?

Smaranda. Know'st thou not ? Mists bode trouble in a dream.  
Oh, let us know what trouble - let us ask  
Yon gipsy wife that watches us afar.

Sefan. (interrupting indignantly) (rising)  
(Here a little cloud comes over the sun)

Sefan. Shalt even have thy will, thou foolish lamb, ?  
Fearing to see the bolt in every cloud.  
(to Fortune-teller) is I hold, and so could'st think  
Come hither, good wife, pray. a beggar art,  
And I - made rich for ever by her kiss,  
I am the King !

(He draws Smaranda up from the seat into his arms)

(Spectre who goes to meet Summers, & little  
her to the strip.)

Debtors, I would rather a word to give,  
Wife please make ready in the morning for us,  
One misbehaved word, no more than many fine wind  
Riddler scolds the wife....

(A man's message pierces him, obviously comes down from above  
& goes out to strip of time.)

Spectre. (Meeting Summers under the tree)  
Beast, Sogden pride.  
Dad left the words be ready, for I bestir  
To bind wife with fine furs for the sake.

Hush ! Yester-even, as I lay asleep,  
Beneath the moon, a passing noise a dream drew nigh,  
And in the dream I saw out past set.  
This crossed a woman-writer, this no fine person  
Then newspaper writer, this the poor girl friend....  
Then wife, a woman-writer, A woman-writer  
Hush ! my soul is troubled.

Spectre. (Distressed) Why should you do ?  
Merletoe, love ?  
Why should you do ? If you do ? If you do ?  
Oh, if the woman was proprie - if the man was  
Your Baba wife gives message in this.

(Here a little cloud comes over the earth)

Spectre. Spectre even gave the wife, from foot to head  
Messing to see the poppy in every cloud.  
(go to Horrible-father)  
Come father, good wife, baba.

Fortune-teller.

(A burst of sunshine.) Why do ye call me ?  
Why doth the sunshine beckon to the cloud ?  
Why doth the morning turn toward the night ?  
What will the bride of me ?

Stefan.

Smaranda.

The kiss of my beloved  
Hath mingled with the currents of my blood.  
Here on my lips it lies : Thy wisdom, mother.  
Thine eyes, I know, can pierce the thickest shade,  
And see the land that lies beyond this darkness,  
Where wends the path that is our future life.  
Then read me this. I dreamed last night....

Stefan. (interrupting)

eyes ! The sun hath Nay, tell her  
Dreams are but the tangled webs of our own thoughts,  
Not, as she fears, dread warnings sent from Heaven.

Smaranda.

Tell me the truth alone ! Thou know'st my dream,  
I see it in thine eyes ! Doth it bode ill  
That I should dream of mist on such a night ?

Smaranda.

Fortune-teller.

(wildly) There are these shadows - and what cruel frost  
Alas ! The mist full surely bodes thee trouble;  
And the white woman on the snow-white meadow  
Is she who plucketh lovers' joys like flowers.  
When on that meadow the white woman meets him,  
Takes from his lips the kiss of his beloved,  
And thrusts it in her girdle like a flower,  
Then -

Fortune-teller.

Poor blindly trusting heart ! Yet it will come,  
Thy w. (She stands over Smaranda (who sits)  
like a prophetess.)

Stefan.

(Exit Fortune-teller.)

(interrupting her indignantly) (rising)

Stefan.

What dost prate of kisses stol'n away ?  
And shall the beggar dare to tell the king art,  
How he may guard his costliest treasure best ?  
For thou, indeed, who dost not even dream  
What jewel it is I hold, and so could'st think  
That I might lose it - thou the beggar art ;  
And I - made rich for ever by her kiss,  
I am the King !

(half falls back on seat.)

(He draws Smaranda up from the seat into his arms)

Wha do ye call me ?  
Wha going the summertime because to find a job ?  
Wha going the morning time passing the night ?  
Wha will the pride of me ?

Torquemada  
Pettler.

Tha waidow, waidow.  
Thine eyes, I know, can believe the pictures inside.  
And see the last bird flies beyond this distance.  
Where winds the best place to our future life?  
Then lead me right.... I dreamed last night....

Sisters.

Wha, fell her.  
Dress me up like postage stamp to our own post office.  
Now, as the sister, dressed waiting from Heaven.

Sister. (Impudentia)

Tell me the pretty stone ! Then whom, eh wa dress?  
I see it in pretty eyes ! Doh ! if you tell  
That I should dress to make a night ?

Sisters.

Visa ! The maid tutti amely bodies free people;  
And the wife women on the work-wives' wives.  
To the who bring their flowers, look like flowers.  
When all girls' wives the wife makes him.  
Step down this girl the air to his beloved,  
And pictures if in her bridge like a flower.  
Then -

Hercule  
Pettler.

(She always calls Sisters (who is)  
like a broadfeast.)

Sister. (Impudentia per Indiscretitia) (Maitine)

Wife goes back home to dinner today, it says ?  
And isn't the passenger bus to tell the King  
How he may bring his comfortable pleasure bed ?  
To you, indeed, who goes now even dress  
With jewels if at all I could, say so kindly, a picture  
That I might lose it if you give me back up.  
And I - where going to ever go her kiss.  
I am the King !

(He always Sisters up from the road this time)

Stefan.

(A burst of sunshine here lights up the scene  
until the end.)

Woven by Love, and binding soul to soul ?

Stefan.

The kiss of my beloved)

Hath mingled with the currents of my blood.  
Here on my lips it lies and I will give it ring,  
To none, but keep it safe for evermore !

Stefan.

And thine as sweet as sweetest draught of dew.

(Short peal of wedding bells)

Both.

I make of it the fragrance of my soul

Fortune-teller.

Oh, sightless eyes ! The sun hath blinded you,  
The sun that shines most bright on you today,

So that ye cannot see where lie the shadows.

Life is so eager in your veins today, or death,  
Like sap in springtime rising through the trees,  
Ye cannot think of winter or of loss.

Smaranda.

(wildly) DEBT. Stefan & Smaranda.

Where are these shadows - and what cruel frost  
Can rob our hearts ?

Stefan.

Come back, come back in a hundred years again,  
And thou shalt find it safe beneath my mantle still,

Stefan.

For I am he, am he ! Oh, never list to her !

Winter is all her life can reck of now.

She hath forgotten spring and summer heat.

And I will say to death, this is her heart,

Both.  
Fortune-teller.

Poor blindly trusting heart ! Yet it will come,  
Thy winter, and thou need'st must listen then.

(thou hast (me (I

When(she shall come in a hundred years again.

(I (Exit Fortune-teller.)

Stefan.

Go ! Winter's frost hath checked with iron grasp  
The springs of hope within yon beggared heart.

Smaranda.

What can it know of Love's resistless torrent ? eth not

Smaranda.

Nay, but I fear her words had other meaning;  
Perchance she spoke of Death....

(half falls back on seat)

(A part of an earlier letter to the Queen  
written at the end.)

The King to the Queen  
His marriage will be celebrated to the flood.  
Here on the 1st if this day I will give it  
To none but her if she for evermore!

Scriber.

(Song sent to Weddington Peiffer)

Oh, fairies here ! The sun sets behind you,  
The sun sets behind me now so soon as possible.  
So fine a summer see where the fairies go,  
The fairies go to bed in your garden please.

Torquemada-  
Peiffer.

Where the sun goes away - and miss out the road  
Can't stop out here ?

Scribner's

Oh, never fair to her !  
Wisper to thy self till the sun goes down.  
She always forgets her darling and summer sleep,  
Poor thinking creature need ! Yet if will come,

Torquemada-  
Peiffer.

(Exit Torquemada-Peiffer.)

Go ! Wisper, a long night will come back  
The thoughts of home will fill your bedchamber self.  
Wisper out if know of love, a fairies parting ?

Scriber.

Ma, pup I let her words hang after writing;  
Perchance she above of Desirys....  
(Exit lastie poor old bear)

Scribner's

(Exit lastie poor old bear)

Stefan. And my heart shall And though she did ?  
Have the Fates power to cut th' eternal thread  
Woven by Love, and binding soul to soul ?

(thy  
And I be happier than the ~~ri~~ (he kneels by her)  
(thou

Smaranda. Thy love is sweet as sweetest breath of spring.

Stefan. (In And thine as sweet as sweetest draught of dew.  
their surroundings until the Priest calls them)

Both. I make of it the fragrance of my soul  
That shall outlive my death. (In ~~belis~~)

Smaranda. Ah, blessed love, stronger than fear or death,  
To thy keeping safe I give my heart. (Come  
down L.B.E. slowly, & have watched the procession  
go into the Church.)

DUET. Stefan & Smaranda.

(The Church doors are thrown open, showing  
the altar & blaze of light.)

Stefan. Come back, come back in a hundred years again,  
And thou shalt find it safe beneath my mantle still,  
(For I am he, am he that betrayeth not.)

(saying)  
Both. And I will say to death, this is her heart,  
(thou shalt  
And I have promised (her that) (she shall find it  
(thou hast (me (I  
When (she shall come in a hundred years again.  
(I Scene IV.

Stefan. Nor will I suffer Death or Earth to touch it.

(My very children, since I held you he that

Smaranda. Then Death & Earth will wonder at him who betrays not  
In one against the power of Time and Death.

(the trustee by her)

This will outline my general I make of it in response to your

Both. And (my heart shall sleep on, Heaven,  
 (thy blessings morn and even.  
 There in the dust of (my hand. more,  
 (thy  
 And (I be happier than the first spring days.

Men. Let their harvest fields be golden,  
 Let no good gift be withheld,  
 Keep all sorrow from their door.

(In a clinging embrace) (They seem forgetful of  
 their surroundings until the Priest calls them)

(Gipsies, (led by Fortune-teller) bearing the  
 appearance of having travelled the roads, come  
 down L.U.E. slowly, & have watched the procession  
 go into the Church.)

Priest.

(The Church doors are thrown open, showing  
 the altar & blaze of light.)

All.

Till the gates of Pearl receive them,  
 To be parted never more.

(The Priest appears at the top of the steps )

(saying)

(The Church doors are closed.)

#### Scene IV.

#### Scene V.

Priest. Come, children of my heart, who seem to me  
1st Gipsy. My very children, since I held you here, love I  
 Upon the font - come,- let me join your lives  
 In one against the power of Time and Death.

2nd Gipsy. To us the portals of the church are shut,  
 The merry sunshine is our altar-fire;  
 Then in the sunshine let us sing and dance.

And (u) a nestle nestled sleep  
(piano)

There in the sun of (u) nesting  
(piano)

And (I) the nippier pins the little darling goes  
(piano)

(In a children's emprise) (They seem together full of  
greater enthusiasm until the Three little pines)

(Worrier best of wedgeline petit)

(Oh! better, I'd be like come-petite) persisting the  
sophistication of insatiable pravetie pine roses, come  
down I.U.H. storia, & issue newspaper the processor of  
so into pine church.)

(The church goes the pinion open, showing  
the stiffer & plisse of Iugip.)

(The Three sadness of the pop of the paper)

(evening)

Coffee IV.

Come, quicken to my nestle, who seem do me  
my very quicken, since I held you here,

Upon the long - come, - if we join your leaves  
It's one easier the bower of Time and Destiny.

Please.

Priest. Send thy sunshine on them, Heaven,  
Send thy blessings, morn and even.  
1st Gipsy. May their joy grow more and more.

All. (th their partners)  
Men. Let their harvest fields be golden,  
Let no good gift be withholden,  
Keep all sorrow from their door.

(During the last bars of the dance an ominous  
(The Youths & Maidens line the steps, singing  
the Bridal hymn.  
Stefan & Smaranda walk slowly up the steps,  
the Priest preceding them. The Young People  
follow, singing the closing verses of the hymn  
whilst the choristers light tapers.)

Women.  
Priest. Up, let us go up to the church below  
Our viands were sacred and blessed last night.  
May Thy grace undying brighten  
All the paths they tread, and lighten  
Every load life has in store.

Gipsies. In the church,  
Where Stefan weds.  
All. May their Angels never leave them,  
Till the gates of Pearl receive them,  
To be parted never more.  
Men. To wed or give in marriage; call them forth -  
We need each man - the Turks are closing round us  
(The Church doors are closed.) - to arms.

(While saying: "the Turks" etc., he shakes the  
church doors; he might even strike them with his  
sword or weapon.)

(The men rush Scene V. up the slopes to the church  
doors & dash them open.  
The people stream out with their lighted tapers.  
1st Gipsy. Now joy be theirs - the Heiduck and his love! What may we do to celebrate such joy?

2nd Gipsy. To us the portals of the church are shut, or? The merry sunshine is our altar-fire; Then in the sunshine let us sing and dance.

Brief.

Send my summary to your Heseltine.  
Send my pleasure, with my love.

Mrs.

I hope you will be happy  
I hope you will be well  
Keep still sorrow from your heart.

(The Young & Misses like the idea, singing  
the Dredge diary,  
Singing & summing well allows the idea  
the Brief reciting now. The Young People  
follow, singing the closing verse of the hymn  
until the couplet fitting papers.)

Brief.

May the grace and blessing of God be upon you  
All the best and happiness.  
Hear us sing this to you.

All.

My wife always never leaves you  
Till the best of best receive you  
To be bested never more.

(The Children quote the closest.)

Scene A.

Jeff Gibby.

How you do - the Headon and his love !  
What was we do to settle up now you ?

Suey Gibby.

To the post office to the country the sun;  
The merriment is our sister-father;  
Then it is the summary Jeff an ains and ains.

The Girls. Yes, dance, come dance -

Ist Gipsy. (to a girl) Come hither, dance with me.

All. (th their partners)

Dance while the sun is shining, dance with me.

(They dance) *the girls are dancing*

(During the last bars of the dance an ominous murmur is heard through it from without.)

(Enter Messenger & his men R.I.E.)

Messen. Up, up to arms - for on the plains below Our villages were sacked and burned last night. Where do the people tarry ?

Gipsies. In the church,  
Where Stefan weds.

Messen. It is no time today.  
To wed or give in marriage; call them forth -  
We need each man - the Turks are closing round us  
There is no time to lose - up - up - to arms.

All.

Stefan. (While saying: "the Turks" etc, he shakes the church doors; he might even strike them with his sword or weapon.)

Serzende. (The men rush shouting up the slopes to the church doors & dash them open.  
The people stream out with their lighted tapers, which are extinguished as they rush into the air.)

People. Whence comes this din ? Who forced the doors ?  
ROUNER. Nay, son, go forth, nor look behind,  
Thine may be now the hero's part.

The Gift. Yes, some come sans -

Tap Gitar. (po a gift) Come my friend, dance with me.

VII. (po friend surprise) Dance wife the sun is shining, dance with me.

(They dance)

(During the last part of the dance as someone  
wants to kiss her friend up to from his group.)

(Upper member & the men R.I.W.)

Up, up so stum - for no one visits before  
out afflagon were saying and putting  
where do the people stay ?

Gipsies.  
Where gipsy made

There is no time to play today -  
we have been here since the morning round the  
counting goods; we bring new spirit to the wife  
wife says: "the Turkey" etc., we speak the  
word of mesoon".

(The men have bought things up the slopes to the country  
goods & gipsy new ones.  
The people always up with great happiness  
when she exchanged as they run into the sir.)

Beside. Where comes this girl ? Who tooked the goods ?

Priest. (appearing in doorway.)

What means this sacrilege ? What cries  
Break in upon this hallowed calm ?

Stefan.

Messenger. The villages upon the plain  
Were burnt last night; the Turks are near.

Villagers. Stefan ! Stefan ! - come, call him forth !  
To arms, then, brothers, quick to arms !  
For he alone shall be our captain.

(Stefan, holding Smaranda by the hand,  
appears in the doorway.)

Stefan. Who calls me in this hour ?

All. Thy country.

Messenger. The Turks are scattering fear and death  
Through all our land.

(Exit)

All. To arms ! to arms !

Stefan. (resolutely, after a desperate struggle)

Ye do not call in vain ! I come ! (She follows him.)

Smaranda. (clinging to him)

Stefan, beloved - wilt thou slay 's honour  
With thine own hand our Love's delight ?

Mother. Nay, son, go forth, nor look behind,  
Thine may be now the hero's part. (She goes off.)

(sddress is good) **Brace**

## **Turra contra.**

. 11 A

Ye do not call us sin ! I come !

(min ed. guarantee) systems

With pleasure own I have - will you give us

Smaranda. And wilt thou be mine anguish now  
Who once wert all my joy ?

*Hard on the frost-bound earth in winter.*

Stefan.

Ah, stay -

All. Thou must not be my weakness now  
Who should'st be all my strength. Nay - nay !

*(gesture of bewilderment)*

Smaranda.

The mists rise up and blind my sight,  
Wilt thou - my star - my guiding light,  
Give me no help upon the way ?

*(She is silent)*

Mother. *(more persuasively, - going to her & lifting her  
gesture as though he is trying to see clearly)*

One thing I see, and only one, daughter !  
My country ravaged and undone.

*(desperately)*

Yea, though thou fail me, even thou,  
I dare not fail my country now.

*(after tenderly kissing her & taking one of  
his friends aside, he says -)*

Smaranda. *(wildly)* Come, help me seek my weapons, friend,  
That for one day I laid aside;  
For when this hand but clasps my sword,  
I shall be weak no more !

*(Exit)*

All.

Stefan ! Stefan ! the Earth, thy mother,  
Calls for her son yet on Stefan !

Smaranda.

Stefan ! by Heaven, I implore thee stay !

Smaranda.

*(She staggers after him, too weak to follow, the  
Mother catches her roughly by the wrist.)*

*Not now her womb more heroes borne  
Than this one only whom I cherish ?*

Mother.

I charge thee to be silent, maiden.  
Shame ! dost thou think the hero's honour  
Is light as down upon the wind,  
That for a woman's craven word  
He should turn thus *(gesture)* & cast it from him,  
A traitor to his land ?

All.

*For in his dauntless courage *(throws her off)**

*Our surest hope of victory.*

And will you be mine  
Who loves me still as I do ?

Alas !

Then now you are my wife  
Who loves me still as I do !  
(example of repetition)

The more she loves me the more  
With you - you are my wife,  
Give me you now she was ?

(She is silent)

(example as follows as to rhyme to see clearly)  
One picture I see, sing out one,  
My company leaves and makes one,  
(doubtless)

Yes, picture you will see, even you,  
I desire you test my company now.

(she perfectly means her a picture one to  
his friend a side, she says -  
Come, leave me see my newspaper, friend,  
This for one day I will see;  
For new picture first put please my aword,  
I satisfy you more !  
(Exit)

Spells !  
Spells ! In Heaven, I importune you alas !

(She especially likes him, too well for follow, fine  
Higher aspirations her longing pa the wife.)

I choose you to be mine, wife.  
Same ! good man print the new a moment,  
It fits as good you the wife,  
This for a woman, a christian wife,  
He loves you print print (example) & case it most high,  
A visitor to mine is bad ?  
(picture her off)

Smaranda.

Ah, God !

How hard thy heart and bare of pity,  
 Hard as the frost-bound earth in winter.

All.

Our country wounded lies and bleeding.  
 She needs thine arm,... Dost hear, Stefan ?

Smaranda.

Nay ! Arm and heart are his no longer,  
 God gave them me. I need them too.  
 Nor will I let them go !

Mother.

(more persuasively,- going to her & lifting her  
 from her kneeling attitude) Oh, daughter !

Hard though I be, yet see me sueing before  
 To thee for pity on my sorrow,  
 For if my son forsake his land  
 In this her need, then sing me dirges, thee,  
 For Death will not be far from me.

Smaranda.  
 (wildly)

And dost thou count my sorrow nothing -  
 Nothing that all my joy be slain - light,  
 The bond God hallowed at His altar,  
 Must the sword cleave that, too , in twain ?

All.

Stefan ! Stefan ! the Earth, thy mother,  
 Calls for her son yet once again. What can weigh

Smaranda. (more desperately)

Can she not count her sons by thousands ?  
 Hath not her womb more heroes borne  
 Than this one only whom I cherish ?  
 For me on earth there is none other, strong,  
 Then choose ye, choose, for Heaven's mercy  
 Some other chief to lead you on. Born hath broken,

All.

The sun will shine, the flowers will bloom again !  
 Yet now thy love must yield another harvest  
 Nay, nay,- Stefan, Stefan alone, red for. And I ask  
 For in his dauntless courage lies that love  
 Our surest hope of victory. for me to stay.

All. God !

How hard thy heart and pride of bala,  
Hard as the iron-bound earth in winter.

Sustains.

Ally.

Out company won me ife and freedom.  
She needs a picture this ... Does her? Sefes?

All.

May ! Am thy heart like this no longer?  
God save poor me. I have been poor.

Sustains.

Not will I let you go !

(more慷慨激烈) - more of her & little her  
From her friendlike attitude!

Holier.

Oh, darling !  
Hard though I be, help see me easier  
To please her bala on my sorrow,  
Not it was your goodness that I sing  
In picture her need, poor sins we did her,  
Nor despite will not be far from me.

Sustains.  
(wifely)

And dear good come with sorrow helping -  
Moping past us if we do not -  
The poor God visit us at His sister,  
With the world close past, poor, in winter ?

All.

Sefes ! Sefes ! the earth, thy mother,  
Gentle for her son keep one assu-

Sustains.

(more慷慨激烈)  
Out she has come her son by proneness ?  
Hard thou art more brother brother ?  
Then past one out a woman I chaffed ?  
Not we are earthly prone to more often,  
Then choose he, choose, for Heaven, a wretched  
Some other quiet to feed him off.

All.

Not in this simple case counts life  
Out master jobe of viceporta.

Holy, bairns, - brave heart ! What pledge  
Smaranda. (scornfully) to bid me go ?  
 Are ye then cowards all ? None eager  
 To bind on you the hero's sword ? the earth;  
 I thought to see ye hasten gladly, shaketh,  
 O valiant sons ! to fill that place. death,  
 Yet hasten now ! since him ye cry for, engulph thee ?  
 Stefan, my love, ye shall not have. Power thee ?  
Death more mighty, wilt thou rise from Death ?

(Here Stefan, armed, comes forward; she turns to him)

Smaranda. (agitated) Death take me,  
 No, no, for I will bid him stay,  
 With such a strength of love, his soul  
 Must needs be strong to break away.  
 (her hands on his shoulders; he stares before  
 him as though turned to stone)

Stay, Stefan, stay, - oh, my beloved,  
 For see, the stars are all too far for thee,  
 Then stay thou here on earth. Thou must not die,  
 For even the stars above are glad to feel  
 They have a brother here upon the earth.

Priest. (looks at him imploringly) a hair twining)  
 And I, without my star, my guiding light,  
 How could I live ?

(He is silent. She looks wildly at him)

No word ? Oh, speak the word,  
 Nay, sure, thou dost not waver ? What can weigh  
 In all the world against our love ? Ah, God,  
 I cannot bear it. Stefan, speak - wilt stay ?

All. The love that conquered  
Stefan. (putting his arm round her) And bade him go.

Soul of my soul, look up and be thou strong,  
 Take courage - for the garden of our love  
 Is not laid waste because the storm hath broken.  
 The sun will shine, the flowers will bloom again !  
 Yet now thy love must yield another harvest  
 Than those sweet flowers we looked for. And I ask  
 With steadfast proud assurance of that love  
 That it shall plead no more for me to stay.

## (SCHILLER)

Até aé pñem comrade ill i More esber  
To bind on You the hero, a award t  
I prouding po see a separar esday,  
O vestimenta our ! po till pñsp bisco.  
Yer isapen how ! since jñw aé ora lor,  
Spells, wa love, aé spall nsp name.

## SWEETINGS

(HETE SPELTER, SUMMER, COME TOWARD; ETC)  
PRIMA PO MÍ

## SWEETINGS. (SCHILLER)

No, no, tor I will bñd asa  
With many a friend to love, mis son  
Many bees a abea ed aitong o pñss swa.  
Her hñnd o mis a bounders; he ater pñtore  
With a pñson puried o spona)

Says, Spelter, say, - on, wa beloved,  
Tor see, the astre ate ill joo tor pñse,  
Then says pñon fere on esay. Ton wñs joo die  
Tor even the astre spade ate bñd po feef  
They have a proper fere abor the esay.  
(Look up in Imagination)

And I, wñssing wa esay, wa binding ifay,  
How could I live ?

## (HE IN AUTUMN. SEE FOOLS WITNESS SP MÍ)

No word t. Oh, beesk the word  
Mis, sun, pñon soap mon winter t. Mis oon winter  
In ill the world beising out love t. Ah, God,  
I common pens it. Spelter - wñp says t

## SPELTER. (BUTTING HIS STR TOWARD HER)

Sent oon son, foor ab spud po pñon astore  
Tike comrade - tor the eader to our love  
Is nof jñid wñde peccase the soun misin pñker.  
The am wñl aline, the flowers will bloom agin !  
Yer how pñk love war aild smogier pñker.  
Then pñose wñse flowers we looking for. And I say  
With apesdiap broad sauntance oñ pñsp love  
This is shalil bñed on more tor me po says.

love

Smaranda. Nay, tender heart - brave heart ! What pledge of /  
 Greater than this can't give - to bid me go ?  
 I see, I feel thy love in splendour rising  
 Even as the sun that maketh rich the earth;  
 Strong as the mountain that no tempest shaketh,  
 Deep as the floods, and mightier than Death.  
 Then wilt thou, Sunshine, let the mists engulf thee?  
 Thou, mountain, shall the tempest overpower thee ?  
 Than Death more mighty, wilt thou flee from Death ?

Stefan. (he looks up as though inspired, & continues excitedly)

Nay, though Death take me, (with folded hands)  
 He shall not conquer, thee,  
 Nor quench within me smile and the spring return  
 The life of Love. And me,  
 For I shall remember  
 Through endless ages,  
 Proudly remember (old, poor child,  
 The love that conquered our must break !  
 And bade me go.

Priest. (catching hold of Smaranda, who is half fainting)

Priest. (He) He will remember,  
 Proudly remember  
 The love that conquered  
 And bade him go.

All.

We will remember,  
 Proudly remember  
 The love that conquered (his sword ?)  
 And bade him go.

Men.

(Here everyone surrounds Smaranda.)

All. &  
Stefan.

When the old folks tellt how she trembles.  
 Of the young who fell, I  
 Then the blood of (his heart  
 (my brave heart ! Brave heart !  
 Shall think of thee  
 More proudly than all our songs.

Men.

love

My, partner never - please kiss ! Who's judge of  
Gretter first fits com, up late - po pid me go I  
I see, I feel you love in abandom, riaue.  
Then as fine am kiss myself joy the earth;  
Spirone as fine womans fit no member suskeff.  
Deep as fine today, and wife her kiss Deep.  
Then will you, Smigine, let the wife make gentle my kiss  
Then, wompau, kiss the partner overboard, kiss ?  
This Despy more myself, with you like iron Despy ?

(The voice is as strong, impudent, & contemptuous  
exaggerated)

My, though Despy take me  
He isn't for consider,  
Nor though I'll be  
The title of love.  
Nor I isn't remember  
Though endjace see,  
Blongy remember  
The love first considered  
And pass me go.

Briar. (singing kind of Smerins, who at last Imitating)

He will remember,  
Blongy remember  
The love first considered  
And pass him go.

III.

We will remember,  
Blongy remember  
The love first considered  
And pass him go.

(Here everyone imitates Smerins.)

When the old folks fell  
Of the home who left,  
Then the flood of my heart  
Shall print of fine  
More blongy first all our songs.

III. 6.  
Sperins.

Smaranda. (after a pause, - as if coming out of a terrible dream)

Go hence, beloved ! Go with all my tears,  
Then go, that Heaven may be content, but let it  
Ask for no more since it hath taken thee.

Stefan. (kneeling in front of her)

And I shall see thine image in my heart  
Drying its eyes.

(kisses her hands)  
And I will pray with folded hands,  
(And I will pray, brave soul, with folded hands)  
With folded hands for thee,  
And the earth shall smile and the spring return  
Once more for thee and me.

Women.

God help her now, indeed, poor child,  
She loves him so, her heart must break !

Men.

He, too, needs help, his soul is torn,  
And yet it must find strength for both.

Priest.

(to Smaranda)

Now buckle on with steadfast hand  
His weapons, for against Death's dart  
That armour shall be two-fold proof  
That love itself clasps on !

Men.

Will she indeed clasp on his sword ?

Women.

God bring him safe to her once more !

Men.

Yes, she draws near !

Women.

But how she trembles.  
Poor child, poor child !

Men.

Brave heart ! Brave heart !

questions. (sheer s dance - as it coming out of a  
 perky place)

Go hence, beloved ! Go with thy pastime  
 Then go, pure Heaven may be companion, purp'le top to  
 Aye for no more thine if happy return please.

(thee fitting in thought of her) spectre.

And I shall see pure image in thy person  
 Drawing the eyes.  
 (wherever her friends)  
 And I will bring myself to bed friends,  
 And I will bear, please son, myself to bed friends  
 And give every gift alway and thy darling return  
 Once more for thee send me.

woman.  
 God help her now, indeed, poor child  
 She loves him so, her master must press !

her.  
 He, poor, mere child, his soul is for  
 And keep it warm till spring comes for you.

butcher.  
 Now practice on myself a sedative friend  
 His master's, for setting Death, a strip  
 Thus sorrow shall be pow'-loid blood  
 That love itself causes on I

her.  
 Will she indeed clasp on his sword ?

woman.  
 God prints him else to her once more !

her.  
 Yet, she drama here !

woman.  
 But now she trumpet.  
 Book child, book child !

her.  
 Please master ! Please master !

A C T III.

(Soldiers rush in from both sides & also appear on the hills.)

All.

(He is the Heiduck, all the din of battle  
No spark of dread within his heart can waken.  
He owns no lord, his spirit knows her freedom  
May not by chains be bound or foemen taken.)

(As Smaranda clasps on the sword, the crowd  
with one accord shout excitedly "Urrahah - Urrahah")

(Stefan & his men start rushing up the hill)

(Smaranda, as she clasps her hands to her heart,  
feels the crucifix that hangs about her neck.  
She impulsively stretches out her arms to Stefan,  
overcome by a passionate regret that she has not  
given him the crucifix as a parting gift.  
Stefan, only conscious of her anguish, rushes back  
down the hill to embrace her once more; & clasps  
her in his arms. She gently releases herself,  
& while Stefan kneels down she takes the chain  
from her neck, and clasps the chain - with the  
crucifix - round the neck of Stefan)

1st Girl.

O Mother, when my hair has grown all white,  
I'll shrow my veil so close around my head,  
That none C U R T A I N. grown so white,  
And I shall know so many, many things.

2nd Girl.

And he I love, he too will then be old,  
Will put his cap of fur upon his head,  
And I can say at last I love him then.  
So often shall I tell him so,  
That it will make him grow quite young again.

(Sofdieze luit in trouw popp'tiaen & alto  
(sapper on pte mifli.)

He is the Heidnour, she is the dir to supply  
Mo soem to breed whiffen mis herif oni waken.  
He come on board, his dirking knowes her freedom  
May not be quistion be pownd or loemem pster.

III

(A summard classas on the board, the crowd  
(With one accord along excepday, Utterly - Utterly)

(Sperfin & his men astir remyng on the mifli)

(Sustains, as the classas her hands do her hestry,  
Leave the chonixx pfer jassek spoons her neck.  
She tumultuary aleroyea cup her stirs to Sperfin,  
overcome by a dasiories letter pfer she has not  
given him the chonixx as a berpide gift.  
Sperfin, outa conrectona of her amazay, raffes her  
gown pfe mifli to emplice her oone more; & classas  
her in his stir. The bodyla refesee herself,  
& with Sperfin immealy downe the pfer she quistin  
lown her neck, said classas pfe quistin - With the  
chonixx - round the neck of Sperfin)

C U R A T I M

A C T II.

Scene:- Interior of Stefan's cottage.

(On the left a niche in the wall with a Byzantine statue of the Blessed Virgin; a light is burning before it & it is decorated with flowers. In the drop a door with very firm bars, & also a long narrow window, provided with shutters & bars. Through the window can be seen distant mountains & woods; snow lies everywhere. In the foreground a snow-covered meadow with village in distance. To Right a large fireplace with logs brightly bruning, over which there is a shelf with Roumanian ornaments. A large bearskin lies on in front of the fire & a bear's head is nailed on the wall close by. Some icons are also hung on the walls, - axes, guns, daggers are also hung up. There is a stone staircase in the corner of the room leading to a loft. On the snow is a red sunset glow.

A few bars of music are heard before curtain rises.

Smaranda.  
Ileana. When curtain goes up a group of village girls are discovered standing in a circle, spinning.  
 To Left a large chair in which Smaranda, pale & sad, is lying back, her distaff loosely held in her hand, her head hanging despondently. )

Ist Girl. O Mother, when my hair has grown all white,  
 I'll shroud my veil so close around my head,  
 That none will see my hair has grown so white,  
 And I shall know so many, many things.

2nd Girl. And he I love, he too will then be old,  
 Will put his cap of fur upon his head,  
 And I can say at lasy I love him then.  
 So often shall I tell him so,  
 That it will make him grow quite young again.

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A C T II.

Scene:- Imperial or Spanish, a coppage.

(On the left a niche in the wall with a balcony  
above it & it is decorated with flowers. In the door  
a good many birds turn back & also a long history  
window, bricked up with a shutter & bars.  
Through the window can be seen distant mountains &  
woods; snow flies everywhere. In the foreground a  
snow-covered meadow with a large building,  
To the left a large building with roses growing on it,  
over which flies at a great height many butterflies.  
A single person in the distance is the title & a  
post, a herd of deer on the road above the  
tree also made of pine wood, - such, same, blossoms etc  
also pine wood. There is a short staircase in the corner  
of the room leading up to a roof. On the floor is a bed  
covered with a coverlet of a yellow color.  
A few pines stand near the entrance.

When I enter, when you do a stone to my side sits the  
discoverted armchair in a quiet, silent,  
To the left a large chair in which several birds sit & sing,  
in flying form, but difficult to see from here.  
( Her head resting on her shoulder.)

O Mother, when you first saw me in my life,  
I, I am now very well as those strong old men,  
that come with you when I was young.  
And I said I will now go away,

And I love, the poor old man he says,  
With his hand on my head, this is said,  
And I said as I say I love him more,  
So often said I left him so,  
when I come again.

Ileana.

And I shall say to him: "dost thou remember  
 Upon that day, beside the well, when I  
 Would never smile on thee ?  
 That was because I loved thee ! *breast*

(Girls retire to different chairs, sitting together, & in dumb show chat merrily while busy with their spindles & arranging their work.)

(As the Chorus ends, Smaranda springs up & comes forward, saying - as if to herself - )

Smaranda.

I cannot ! God ! like drops of fire, the words  
 Fall on my heart - my sad remembering heart !

(Ileana, who has been singing in the circle with the others, motions them to be silent when she sees Smaranda get up, & now comes forward to her)

Ileana.

What ails my sister of the cross ?  
 Alas ! I know ere thou can't say, look up !  
 What ails the tender woodland moss  
 When from the rock 'tis torn away.

(Then hangs thy head no more, but as the plants  
 What drop their heavy blossoms 'neath the rain,  
 Ileana ! Sister ! When thy hand 'n the hour,  
 Touches the wound, I suffer it.  
 Thou, my twin self, can't understand  
 How memories and fears are knit a crossing L.  
 Around my heart, a burning chain  
 Of busy thought - each thought a pain !)

Smaranda.

(And raise we now our pleading strains to Her  
 Who can indeed bring succour.  
 Then would I let thought fall asleep,  
 And tho' with lips alone thou sing,  
 Yet join us while thy fingers keep of shrine &  
 The busy spindle murmuring. where they were sitting.)

Ileana.

(During the "Amen" of the girls, Smaranda, still  
 crying, but more quietly, rises, kisses the hem  
 of the statue's garment, & leans wearily against  
 the shelf on which it stands.)

Then I said I saw you go in: "Good from remember  
 You just say, besides the well, when I  
 Would never smile or move if  
 That was because I loved you!"

Iesus.

(Guitar letter to different customers, including  
 Peepers, & in dumb show song with wife play  
 At first singing & strumming pretty well.)

(As the guitar ends, Sustains a note as a  
 Woman singing, saying - as it goes off - )

I cannot! God! like drops of life, the words  
 Left on my heart - we sad rememberings left!

Sustains.

(Iesus, who has been talking to the older wife  
 Wife of hers, who has gone to bed with her  
 See Sustains begin & now comes forward to her)

With this we start to the close &  
 Visa! I know the you can't say  
 With this the harder working more  
 When from the look, the pretty news.

Iesus.

Iesus! Sister! When you first  
 Tongues the the world, I think it's  
 Then, we pain tell, out of understanding  
 How worried and these are just  
 Around my heart, a burning desire  
 Of play hunting - easy hunting a bear!

Sustains.

Then would I get hunting this season,  
 And go, with big store from time,  
 Yet both an wife the fingers need  
 The play hunting mountain. The more about

Iesus.

Smaranda.

Nay, but my heart is all too sore  
To sing, sweet sister, or to hear  
The old gay strains I sang before.  
This is the song befitting best

Girls.

The weary dread that haunts my breast.

(Ileana puts her arm round her, encouraging  
her to sing.)

Amen.

(Smaranda & Ileana repeat the whole of the  
Ave Song. Smaranda.)

Ah ! if the swallow were to die little group  
Yet were the lark still here,  
And if the hail laid low our corn,  
The hay were left us still.

Girls.

But Oh ! a loveless life that hath take heart.  
No other love beside ! here thy rosary;

(she bursts into tears, covering her face thee.  
with her hands. Ileana tries to console her.)

Ileana.

Nay, sister dear, nay, hero's bride, look up !  
It was not thus thou badest him farewell,  
But with a truer courage - dost remember ?  
Then hang thy head no more, but as the plants  
That droop their heavy blossoms 'neath the rain,  
Yet lift them up refreshed within the hour,  
So rise, renewed and strengthened by thy tears.

(She turns towards other girls & crossing L.  
to the shrine, she says - )

(Ileana & Smaranda return to the big chair,  
And raise we now our pleading strains to Her  
Who can indeed bring succour.

Ileana.

Then rest thee now,  
(Smaranda & Ileana kneel in front of shrine &  
the other girls kneel down where they were sitting.  
During the "Amen" of the girls, Smaranda, still  
crying, but more quietly, rises, kisses the hem  
of the statue's garment, & leans wearily against  
the shelf on which it stands.)

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May, put my heart in all poor souls  
To him, sweep away, or to poor  
The old sea captain I sang before.  
This is the same old Captain Deep  
The western world first found me at present.

Blestings

(Jesus' arms were round her, enclosing her  
her to him.)

Song. Greetings.

Ah ! if the swallow were to die  
We're the first still here,  
And it will visit town and country,  
The sea where left us off.  
Dug out ! a valiant life has given  
No other love besides !

(She turned up her eyes, covering her face  
with her hands. Jesus' hands to courage her.)

May, sister dear, may, brother, friend, now !  
It was long since you passed my last interview,  
But why a bittercombe - does remember ?  
They think you need no more, but as the times  
These good people never know, unless the last  
We'll find them in the garden by the river.  
Go there, renewed and strengthened by the Master.

Jesus,

(She turns towards offering little & crossing it.  
to the infinite, she says - )

And raise we now our beseeching voices to her  
Who cast himself among us poor.

(Greetings & Jesus' hands in front of infinite &  
the other side bowed down where they were sitting  
during the "Amen" to the right, Greetings, still  
saying, put more strength, Jesus, increase the new  
of the spirit, a blessing, & Jesus' hands resting  
the spirit on myself & friends.)

Smaranda.

Yea, in truth,  
To Her, our Blessed Lady, I will turn.

Girls.

Ave Maria, gracia plena. Dominus tecum; benedicta tu in mulieribus et benedictus fructus ventris tui, Jesus. Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, ora pro nobis, peccatoribus, nunc et in hora mortis nostrae.

Amen.

Ileana.

(Smaranda & Ileana repeat the whole of the Ave Maria.)

Smaranda.

(The girls rise, & coming in a little group towards Smaranda, say - )

Girls.

Good night, good night, Smaranda, & take heart.  
Count us as though we were thy rosary;  
For sure as many as there be of us  
So many prayers shall rise tonight for thee.  
Good night, then, and remember, God is nigh !

Smaranda.

Yes, go, kind hearts, to pray, & then to sleep.  
For when the night time falls I cannot sleep,  
For thinking upon him and where he wanders.  
Yet sorrow maketh heavy - even now  
Weariness weighs my eyelids down and sends  
An aching through my limbs.

Ileana.

(Ileana leads Smaranda gently to the big chair, in which she places her comfortably, stroking her hair meanwhile.)

Ileana.

And see I - worn out with tears,  
The new made wife in Then rest thee now,  
Here, with thy throbbing head upon my breast.

Fortune-

Hush ! 'tis o'er soon to wake her  
To sorrow ( A short pause.)  
Why should ye bid me hasten  
To draw the veil aside  
That shrouds her evil fortune ?  
Ill-starred and hapless bride !

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To Her, on Dazzling Friday, I will give  
Yes, in giving

Swarms

When beacophiles, who are in their wacky  
years, stamp misfits, whispering, as the people  
put it in their language of penedictions, "Ungrateful  
youths, who are in their wacky  
years." When

Gulls

(Swallows & Larks repeat the words of the  
Ave Maria.)

(The birds are a coming in a little band  
posture Swallows say - )

Good night, good night, Swallows, & taste lesser!  
Come up as a present we were given yesterday;  
To the same as many as there be of us  
go with把握 sight like fourfold for free.  
Good night, then, sing remember, God is with you!

Gulls

(Exempt Gulls.)

Yes, so, flying nestlings, go back, & return to sleep.  
To whom the night time tells I stamp sleep,  
To the darkness soon will say where the swallows.  
Up sorrow makes - even now  
Westward weeping in the evening down sing sende.  
All singing promenage by jumps.

Swarms

(Larks jaws Swallows reply to the big ones,  
in which the birds near country reply, appropriate  
her sister matimite.)

Larks

Here, with thy dropping head upon the present.  
Then leap free now

(A strong sense.)

Smaranda.

(restlessly)

Nay, Ileana, there is something yet  
Leaves me no rest or peace till it be done.

(in hurried, anxious tones)

That gipsy wife knew how my fate was written.  
Yea, and I too must know, for she must tell.

Ileana.

Hark, then ! the gipsy camp is close at hand;  
I'll seek her out and bring her to thee straight.

Smaranda.

(trying to rise)

I would go with thee, but the strength is lacking.  
Dear heart, be speedy, I will wait thee here.

Fortune-  
teller.

(Ileana hurries out. It has been growing darker & darker; no light except the light from the fire. Smaranda goes back to chair where she first sat, takes up her spindle, tries to work, - her head drops, the distaff falls from her hand & she falls asleep. As the music ceases the door is opened cautiously & Ileana, followed by the Fortune Teller enters.)

Smaranda. (in terror)

Nay, not that !  
Let one bright sunbeam pierce the gloom,  
Surely it cannot all be right !

### Scene II.

Night follows day !

Fortune-  
teller.

Ileana.

This is the lonely threshold

That no longer hears  
The footfall of its master. (R. to L. down stage, edly up to door on L.)  
And see ! Worn out with fears, at the words:-)  
The new made wife in slumber  
Hath sought brief rest from tears. (er been ours;  
See iron bar & hold him with laden hands

Smaranda.

Hush ! 'tis o'er soon to wake her eyes.

To sorrow's eventide. (to know, to love,  
Why should ye bid me hasten ? must not die !  
To draw the veil aside  
That shrouds her evil fortune ?  
Ill-starred and hapless bride !

Fortune-

(Recapitulation)

Yes, I do, too much now, but she was married.  
That big wife won the type we like best.  
She's married, you know, for the wife best.  
Leaves me no time or space still if he goes.

Swallows

(In hurried, anxious voice)

Yes, said I, poor wife now, for the wife best.

I'll see her out and bring her to meet him.  
Him, dear ! give back some of those old things.

Him

(Playing to wife)

Dear master, be quick, I will wait here.

Swallows

(Hisses him up, if she need removing quickly &  
strikes; no hitting except the first blow the first  
stroke, does poor to master while she says,  
she's no better singer, tries to work, - her head  
aches, the greatest loss from her singing & she tells  
her. As the man comes the door to open  
safely. And now comes the door to open  
safely. Followed by the Toptume  
teller repeats.)

## Scene II.

Here ! 'tis o'er soon to make her  
to sorrow a neighbor.  
My shoulder is big em paper  
To kiss the feet safe  
that sang her last Toptume  
III-apart and leaves pride !

Him

Toptume

Ileana.

Would I could share her burden - God !  
 Let me not helpless stand and see beneath thee;  
 The tempest overwhelm her soul ! ~~see a wife,~~

Fortune-teller.

Nay, when the storm in fury  
 Across the lowland breaks,

The mountain cannot shield it,

Each its own burden takes.

Yet stay - let us be ready ~~less turns toward hope !~~  
 To cheer her - for she wakes. ~~all that we can do.~~

Ileana.

(Smaranda springs up & seizes the hands of  
 the Fortune-teller.)

~~Give quickly, thou must hence.  
 I would not have the mother find thee here.~~

Smaranda.

Thank God, at last, at last ye come !  
 Quick ! tell me what these eyes have read,  
 Oh, tell me how our fate is written !

Fortune-teller.

Did I not tell thee once, poor child,  
 That morning when the spring bloomed bright,  
 Did I not say that she must come, no bark !  
 The snow-white woman ?

Smaranda.

(She is out the dying embers on the hearth  
 in hazel boughs. Nay, not that !  
 Let one bright sunbeam pierce the gloom, ashes.)  
 Surely it cannot all be night !

Fortune-teller.

Night follows day !

Smaranda.

(Smaranda crosses wildly from R. to L. down stage,  
 then turns back, walks hurriedly up to door on L.,  
 so as to turn on Fortune-teller at the words:-)

Because thou growest ~~near the river~~  
 But day hath ne'er been ours;  
 See ! on our threshold Life with laden hands  
 Awaits us still, and joy is in her eyes.  
 So much is yet to do, to know, to love,  
 It is not time for Death - he must not die !

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To cheer her - for she was  
very sad - yet as he read  
her lesson it was his pleasure.  
The woman's name was Anna  
and she had come from America  
to visit her son, who was  
studying at the University of  
Michigan. She had come to  
see him and to help him with  
his studies. She was a very  
kind and gentle woman, and  
she and her son got along  
very well. They spent many  
happy hours together, and  
Anna enjoyed her stay in  
Michigan very much.

Holocene  
geotext.

• 81

Output

A.0.1.plate

- 69 -

If it is more prime for Desir - if we wait for die !  
So many to keep go to know, to love,  
Australia's a pity, and you ate in her eyes.  
See ! on our present road life with faded shade  
But as a silly me, er peer once;

(with inspiration) ~~Call the tree from which thou camest forth~~  
 O good fresh earth ! ~~as in a smile~~  
 Call him not yet to come & sleep beneath thee ;  
 For I would veil my head and be a wife,  
 And I would bear thee fair and noble children  
 To till thy ground. ~~If thou ask him if he dream,~~  
~~and bid him dream of her.~~

Fortune-teller. ~~(aside to Ileana)~~ the sorrow of his heart,  
 Poor human heart, that ceaseless turns toward hope !  
 Then let her hope ! ~~he~~ 'tis all that we can do.

Ileana. ~~(anxiously)~~ ~~but of him;~~ ~~disturb his life with a desire.~~  
 What cheer thou can'st, give quickly, thou must hence.  
 I would not have the mother find thee here. ~~he come?~~

Fortune-teller. ~~(to Smaranda)~~ ~~he drinks to bring before him~~  
 Not death alone, Smaranda, need'st thou dread,  
 There may be other perils - but take heart;  
 I can say words to ban them one and all, ~~him~~  
 And so compel his thoughts to dream of thee,  
 That in the fight he'll bear a charmed life,  
 And guard it well for thee alone... no hark !

~~As though he saw her always coming toward him,~~  
~~(She spreads out the dying embers on the hearth~~  
~~& waves the hazel bough she holds over them.~~  
~~A little blue flame springs up from the ashes.)~~

~~(After gazing into the embers for a little while,~~  
~~she begins.)~~

Mother. ~~some women & children, also holding~~  
 Thou little hazel-bough,  
 Thou that dost grow so near the river  
 That it is fain to kiss thee, ~~ill~~ ! ~~the sun, still~~  
 Thou that wilt never see the sun, ~~still~~  
 Because thou growest all too near the river...

Fortune-teller. Fall on the ashes gently - do not stir them,  
~~For ashes love to slumber;~~  
 Hide close beneath them - and then go thy way,  
~~Thou little hazel-bough. born~~  
~~of bitter anguish turned to gall.~~

## (with translation)

O good friend earth !  
 O art my love to come & leave perhaps free ;  
 For I would not be a wife,  
 And I would never stir my hope again  
 To find you stony.

Horphume

Peffler

## (sætde af Hirsch)

Poor human heart, just because you poor world have !  
 Then let her love ! - 'tis if you we can do.

## Hirsch. (saturnalia)

Wise cheer from us, & give advice, from many hence.  
 I would not leave the mother land free here.

Horphume

Peffler

## (to Sætersdags)

More easily stone, stones, need, & you ready,  
 There may be other better - but take me ;  
 I can say now to be more one and all,  
 You go choose this opportunity to please,  
 This is the thing we'll best remember this,  
 And bring it well for your stone... no wish !

(She dances out of the gallery before the master)  
 & waves the hand round like a fan over him.  
 A little place the same distance up from the same.)

(After dancing into the emperor's little white  
 she paints.)

Then little master-painter  
 Then paint your to meet the river  
 Then it is to last to kiss free,  
 Then paint will never see the sun,  
 Because you know better than the river...  
 Little on the sofa beauty - do not sit down,

For same love to summer;  
 Hide those presents from - said man to play was,  
 Then little master-painter.

Then shall the tree from which thou camest forth  
Bear loveliest buds in April,  
If thou wilt go thither where I shall bid thee,  
Where her beloved dwells.

He sleeps. Now shall thou ask him if he dream,  
And bid him dream of her.

Thou shalt become the sorrow of his heart,  
O little hazel-bough;  
And tell him that the sorrow of his heart  
Dreams but of him; his avail us now -  
Thou shalt disturb his life with a desire.

Where is her sweetheart? - speak, when will he come?  
I have charged sleep to leave him;  
The water that he drinks to bring before him  
In every drop her image;  
The fragrance of his bread, to call her kiss  
To his remembrance.  
His couch shall murmur all her songs to him  
The whiteness of her veil encompass him  
Even as the light;  
Her step shall sound unceasing in his ears,  
And it shall seem to him  
As though he saw her always coming toward him,  
Yet never reach the goal.

O speak! What babbler?  
(Enter Mother hastily as Fortune-teller says the last words. She has a lantern in her hand, & is followed by some women & children, also holding lanterns. Their clothes are covered with snow. She scatters the group scornfully, saying - )

Mother. Thou here, dark pressager of ill! (with lanterns)  
And would'st with poisoned whispers still  
Cast on this house the taint of shame?

Peoples. For shelter we have flown to thee,  
Fortune-teller. The home lies hidden in the wood.

With no intent of ill I came,  
Woman, - and this thy word I scorn.  
Knowing full well it is but bane for all,  
Of bitter anguish turned to gall.

Are they upon us?

Then shall give free from which you come to us  
 Best leave each abe in Asia,  
 It soon will go further where I shall bid you  
 Wherever you goed dwelle.

He sees her. Now shall you see if he does,  
 And bid him dream of her.

You said because the sorrow of his loss,  
 O happy ness-pony;  
 And fell him poor of his loss  
 Dances up to him;

You said it's a desire.

Where is her swansong? - where will be come?  
 I have a sister who goes to leave him;  
 The wiper will be driven before him  
 In every drop her tears;  
 The distance of his road, to tell her  
 To his remembrance.  
 His son said him in return all her sorrows do him  
 The difference of her feet encoubrass him  
 Even as she flies;  
 Her step said him among measures in his ears  
 And if such seen to him  
 A gony he saw her always coming possible him  
 Yet never lesson the best.

(Upper Mopier says it as Tollume-Peffler says it  
 Last word. She has a sister in her hand, & at  
 followed by some women & children, also followed  
 Inspiring. Their voices are covered with a worm  
 She scatters the sand scurrying, saying - )

You here, dear messenger to ill!  
 And now I'd be with you again where earth  
 Can no place for me the same?

Tollume-Peffler.  
 With on indeed to ill I come  
 Woman - this girl the broad I see.  
 How will I tell this girl  
 Topper suddenly purring of self.

A Woman.

Fortune-teller.

Mother.

We have seen

I came to bring some word of cheer  
 To this poor maiden, sorrow's thrall; ~~mean,~~  
 If light indeed may enter here,  
 Or any soul may comfort bring  
 To such a house as this that lies ~~bars~~  
 'Neath the dark shadow of Death's wing.

Smaranda.

Death ! Is it Stefan, say, that dies ? ~~put  
 up bars; others go to door & do likewise.  
 The place is only lit by their lanterns.)~~

Mother.

Hence ! What can spells avail us now -  
 Strong arms, brave hearts we need, I trow !

A Woman.

(listening at door) (in terrified tones)

~~My dear Stefan~~

Fortune-teller.

'Twas but in time, for I can hear  
 I go, - but can ye banish Fate ? Near !  
 The day will come when, all too late,  
 Ye shall do homage to her power.

Smaranda.

Ah ! where is Stefan in this hour ?

Mother. (solemnly)

Be still.

I gave my hero, O Land, to thee !  
 And honour guards him where'er he be.

Mother. (addres-

But Fate forbids that he should shield,  
 His hearth from the rage of the battle-field.

~~Were all our women safe in hiding  
 Ere ye came hither ?~~

All.

O speak ! What battle ?

Every one,

Women.

Mother.

The Turks draw nigh !

The passes are conquered, - ~~by a knocking is~~  
 Hark there, a cry ! ~~They all blow out the lanterns~~

~~& the place is left in total darkness, save for  
 the light of the fire. Cries among the women.~~

(A group of women & children rush in with lanterns)  
~~calling "Smaranda" !~~

People.

For shelter we have flown to thee,  
 Whose home lies hidden in the wood.  
 These doors are strong !

Smaranda. (in

I hear his voice ! 'Tis Stefan calls !

Come, enter all.

Mother.

We will defend our home together.  
 Are they upon us ?

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I came to print some word of cheer  
To print book wisdom, sorrow, a print;  
It kept tugged my paper here,  
Or this son my country print  
To such a house as this print  
'Nestle the dark shadow of Despair, a mine.'

Hoffmire-  
Peffler.

Gustavus. Despair ! If I print, say, print like ?  
Hence ! Miss can believe said the how -  
Strong smile, please respects we need, I from !

Möller.

I do, - print out the printing type ?  
The as will come when, it'll good type  
Ye artist go house to her power.

Hoffmire-  
Peffler.

Gustavus. All ! where is Spelass in this hour ?

Möller. (soliloquy)

I save my hero, O Issaq, go free !  
And honour bursts him with where, or he be.  
Dip type torpid press the young artist,  
His master took the base of the opposite-field.

All.

O where ! Miss people ?

Möller.  
The Turk's dam right !  
The bazaar she conducted,-  
Hark ! where is she !

(A short of woman & quicksilver turns to Miss Gustavus)

Bodje.  
For shelter we have flowing go free,  
Where home free hidden in the wood.  
These goods she stored !  
We will defend our home together.  
Are you about us ?

A Woman.

We have seen

People.

A fugitive, nay, more than one,  
Crossing the slopes,- what can this mean,  
Save that the ~~foe~~ foe is nigh ?

Mother.

~~Wishful thou run forth ? This is soon spy~~  
~~too eager teeth,~~ The bars !

On door and shutter make them fast !

(Knocking continues)

A Voice.

(Group of women go hurriedly to window & put up bars; others go to door & do likewise.  
The stage is only lit by their lanterns.)

Smaranda.

Amid a thousand, (tries to reach the door.)

A Woman. (listening at door) (in terrified tones)

'Twas but in time, for I can hear  
Footsteps draw swiftly, softly near !

A Boy.

One of our foes ! Ah, let me forth.  
My dagger thirsts for him !

Another Woman.

(Knocking continues)

Be still.

Mother.

(addressing those who entered last)

Were all our women safe in hiding  
Ere ye came hither ?

Women.

~~Heath have no ears ? Dost thou not hear ?~~  
Every one.

Voice. (outside) Smaranda - Mother - loose the bars !

(A long pause..... Suddenly a knocking is heard on the door. They all blow out the lanterns & the stage is left in total darkness, save for the light of the fire. Cries among the women. Amid the noise a voice is heard distinctly calling "Smaranda" ! )

Mother.

It is not he who stands without,

Smaranda.

~~But he who perchance~~

I hear his voice ! 'Tis Stefan calls !

Smaranda.

~~Heath hath cast away his honour~~

O God ! he may be wounded, dying !

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We have seen  
A landscape, like a picture, more than one,  
Crossing fine slopes, - with such fine men,  
Save just the like to help?

The past!

On door and upper wreath past!

A Mouse.

Mother.

(Glow of moon to surround a door  
and past; open to go out & go to interview  
The glass is out till a better insuperable.)

A Mouse. (Happening at door) (in perplexed voice)  
Was up the time, for I can hear,  
To keep drum with it, soft & clear!

One of our bees! Ah, keep me company.  
A better chance for him!

A Fox.

The stiff.

Mother Mouse.

Mother. (addressing those who entered last)  
We'll out moon else in mind  
The we come this far?

Every one.

Mother.

(A long pause.... Suddenly a knock at  
door on the door. They sit by the window for  
a while to tell the post messenger, save for  
the trip to the tree. Other shows the moon  
and the noise a voice at passing大陸上  
calling "Sister!" )

Sister. (Waiting for the door)

I hear his voice! This settles us off!

People. (holding her back)

Keep back. Upon the Turkish swords  
Would'st thou rush forth ? This is eom spy  
Would enter in by stealth.

Smaranda. (Gri... And my boy...) (Knocking continues)

A Voice. Smaranda !

Smaranda. I knew it, I could swear to it  
Amid a thousand. (tries to reach the door.)

Mother. (thrusting her back) Get thee back.  
Fears have distraught thy brain, poor fool !

Mother. My son turned back, my hero fled ?  
Did I not say his honour guards him ?  
It is not he, I swear !

Stefan. (outside) Smaranda. (Knocking continues)

A Voice. Who will have mercy, The door !  
This is no foe.

Smaranda. (excitedly) I hear his voice.

Smaranda. Hath love no ears ? Dost thou not hear ?

Voice. (outside) Smaranda - Mother - loose the bars!!

Boys. (Mother walks proudly to the door & places herself against it, saying in tones of cold despair -)

Mother. I heard a voice, a voice I knew,  
But not my son's, my son's no more.  
It is not he who stands without,  
A fugitive, and pleads for shelter.  
Nay, but some weakling who perchance  
For thee hath cast away his honour !

Smaranda. O God ! he may be wounded, dying !

(Holding her back)

Be gentle.

Wound up phon truly lovely ? This is how abu  
Wound up phon truly lovely ? This is how abu  
Wound up phon truly lovely ? This is how abu  
Wound up phon truly lovely ? This is how abu

(Hocketing companion)

Sisters !

A voice.

I know if, I could never go if  
Amid a promiscuity. (Please to lesson five door.)

Sisters.

Mother. (Please for back) Get free back.  
Leslie leave dispensing you priestly book too !  
My son purged back, my zero life ?  
Did I not ask my human brother him ?  
If it top me, I want !

(Hocketing companion)

The door !

A voice.

This is no toe.

Happy love no extra ? Does your top most ?  
I never mix voice. (Exclamatory) I never mix voice.

Sisters.

Voice. (angry) Sisters - Mother - loose the priest!  
(Mother walks loudly to the door & goes herself)  
Sister if, saying to force of cold gesture -

Mother.

I never a voice, a voice I know,  
Does top my son, my son, a no more.  
If it top me who dispense wife.  
A teacher, said please for teacher.  
May, put some washing who becomes  
Not free happy case swan my human !

Mother.

O God ! we may be wounded, dying !

Sisters.

Mother. (proudly)

A hero counts no wounds, no peril,  
Until the foe be driven back.

Smaranda. (firing up)

And my beloved is a hero,  
Nor will I doubt him or forget,  
As thou forgettest, those his words  
That forged a golden ring of faith  
About my heart ! He hath returned,  
We know not why, but this I know  
And swear upon my life, his honour  
Is no less bright than then. O help me.  
Unbar the door.

Mother.

Death take me first !

Stefan. (outside)

Smaranda, hear, the time is short.

Smaranda.

Who will have mercy, who will help ?  
Will ye ?

(turning to some of the boys)

Boys.

We let no traitor in.

Smaranda.

(turning to another group of boys)

Will ye ?

Boys.

Did I but heed the dagger  
That dances at my belt so gaily,  
Thy tears and his blood should flow together.

Smaranda.

(to a group of women)

Ye that are wives, doth no voice answer  
Within your hearts ?

Women.

His Mother's heart  
Should beat the truest,- she saith nay !

Mopper. (outright)  
A hero comes to town, no party,  
Up to the top of the hill.

Swallows. (trifling up)  
And my beloved is a hero,  
Now will I jump into the forest,  
As good forrester, please his master,  
Thus together a golden time to pass,  
Upon the hill! He will remember,  
We know not who, just like I know,  
And master soon in life, his honour,  
To the tree trapping goes over. O field we,  
Upper the door.

Mopper.  
Despair take me there!

Swallows. (outright)  
Swallows rest, this time is a sport.

Swallows. Who will save me, who will help?  
Will he? (running to some of the boys)

Bear.  
We help no pistoleer.

Swallows. (running to another boy)  
Will he?

Bear.  
Did I just sleep the deeper,  
There comes up the bell on Saturday,  
The girls sing the blood singing two together.

Swallows. (to a friend of mine)  
We sing the wives, going to voice answer  
Will you never?

Woman.  
Sounding best the master, a master!  
He is Mopper - the silly girl!

Smaranda. (desperately, to the girls) strength !

If one among you knoweth love,  
Let her come forth to aid me now !

(struggles at door renewed)

Girls. (in fear) Ah ! who can tell who stands without ?

Stefan. (outside) Smaranda !

Back, back I say.

And Death to those

Ileaha. I am here, Smaranda !

And I have faith in thee and him.  
Thou could'st not think thy sister of the cross  
Would break the chain that binds us at this hour !

God's pity help me !

Smaranda. (clasping her in a passion of gratitude)

Crowd. Had I forgot thee ? O forgive ! power can stay her ?  
Doubt thee I never could, brave heart !  
Come then and help - I need thee now,  
Now in this hour supreme, my sister,  
As never yet before. Oh, come !

(They drag the Mother away from the door)

Crowd.

Take heed, - shame - shame ! what do ye there ?  
Can her white hairs no longer claim ?  
And reck ye nought of us ? Must we  
Fall to the unbelievers' prey ?  
Not so ! - haste hither ! - hold her fast !

Stefan. (at her side beside)

At last they end, the endless hours of waiting,

Long the weary road that leads from home.

(They drag Ileana away.)

Mother. (indignantly)

I will not stay to know the shame  
Of him who was my glory once.

(Exit)

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Swallows. (desbergspejla po mina sista)

It's one swan you know my love,  
They'll come flying to sit me now!

Gulls. (flster) Ah! who am I still who stands in front?  
Seagulls. (orside) Swallows!

I am here, swallows!  
And I have left the tree this time.  
They could, if you didn't play faster to the score,  
Would break the chest piece bridges up this room!

Swallows. (klassiske her in a bassoon of brass pipe)

Had I forgotten this? O forgive!  
Doubtless I never could, please forgive!  
Come here and tell - I need this now.  
Now it's time hour number, we start.

As never before. Oh, come!

(They close the mother saw from the door)

Take heed - same - same! must do as here?  
Can her wife listen to longer visits?  
And soon be enough of us? Help us  
last to the multiplex, boy?

Not so! - save mother! - hold her last!

(They close the bassoon saw.)

Mother. (tintinsupplia)  
I will not stay to know the same  
of him who was a flora once.  
(Exit)

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- Smaranda. At last I find thee.  
Smaranda. Alone I go, - God give me strength !  
Stefan. At last I hold thee. (rushes to door)
- Smaranda. The night is over.  
Stefan. And dawn is breaking.
- Smaranda. (seizing an axe from off the wall)  
 From out a long slumber,  
 Back, back I say.  
Stefan. And Death to those this hard-won hour be shorter  
 Who hinder me. O weary moments past ?  
 Beware ! Beware ! (struggles wildly with bars)  
 Hence with these bars ! ever in our hearts.  
 I must ! I must !  
 God's pity help me !  
Smaranda. Strength ! - Oh, strength ! at thy rising  
 The flowers of my garden bloom again,  
 And raise their heads that drooped beneath the storm.  
Crowd. What madness stings her ? What power can stay her ?  
 We cannot hold her ! Away, away !  
Stefan. My golden bride, has our day dawning once more ?
- Smaranda. (The bars yield. The door bursts open. Stefan rushes in and simultaneously the women, in terror, fearing an enemy, press to the back & scramble in confusion into the loft, the boys following to protect them.) since this one hour is fair.
- (Stefan & Smaranda fall into one another's arms)
- DUET
- Stefan. (after a short pause) At last they end, the endless hours of waiting,  
Stefan. Long as the dreary road that leads from home.  
Smaranda. The joy that is born of thee ? flowers,  
 The earth spreads out gladly her maize fields &  
 The dark, dark days, as black as Death's dim river,  
 When nought I wist of thee, at last they end !
- Smaranda. Yea, she taketh thee joyfully, deathless Sun,  
 Her heart sings aloud for glee;  
 She forgetbeth the night as a dream that is done,  
 For a moment's such joy, though it be but one,  
 Can match with eternity !

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Swallows. Vjone I go - God give me strength !  
(turner po goot)

(Sprunge sp good rememed)

Swallows. (earring us ske from all the witt)

Beskr, pscr I ask.  
Any Despuy po fruse  
Who injudger me.  
Deswre ! Deswre ! (expressje wi jity wifit past)  
Hence wifit fruse past !  
I wap ! I wap !  
God, a ditta help me !  
Spruepp ! - Oh, experiepp !

We cestwoop hoyg ner ! Aska, aska !  
Wusp wadneas alnus ger ? Wusp bower osn spa ger ?  
Crown.

(The past alwyd. The good purse obby. Spelstn  
Talgeza ill and alintipuronejta frise wown. In peritter,  
lessting as shewy, breza po frise posz & sorawple  
in conglaration into the top, the poas folloving  
to droopecp gwer.)

(Spelsty & Swallows till jape one shoppet, a sima)

Spelsty. (Siper s shorcp bane)  
Up Isap play end, frise emhieza jonsa of wispine,  
long as the qresta losd gusp jessab from home.

Swallows. The qresta qresta as pscr as Despuy, a qrest  
Wett hongsp I wiat of pree, sp Isap play end !

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- Smaranda. At last I find thee, blinding all sight,  
Strong & bold, lead us onward with thee !
- Stefan. At last I hold thee, west & conquering the night,
- Smaranda. The night is over, measureless sea.
- Stefan. And dawn is breaking.
- Both. Oh, joyful waking  
From grief's long slumber. Canst thou, beloved,  
Call up the voice of strong, triumphant faith ?
- Stefan. What reck I though this hard-won hour be shorter  
Than any of those weary moments past ?
- Smaranda. Joy knows no time & with a touch can kindle over,  
Fire that will burn for ever in our hearts. ht ?
- Stefan. (earnestly)
- Smaranda. O, thou, my sun, how gladly at thy rising ?  
The flowers of my garden bloom again, arb ?  
And raise their heads that drooped beneath the storm !  
Didst raise my bairn rear'd on high,  
When even she who bore me waver'd, doubting,  
My golden bride, has our day dawned once more ?  
I shall do naught save keep that bairn pure ?
- Smaranda. Yea, now the mist has cleared away for ever.  
Nay, for thou knowest that I trust thee wholly,  
Even as Death trusts its treasures to the grave.
- Stefan. Hush, be content, since this one hour is fair....
- Stefan. No way but one, - to save this land we love.  
No way, but DUET this deed to give my life.  
(continues in a tone of exultation)
- Stefan. Our foes are trapped, we hold them now !  
O infinite love, wherefore count we by hours  
The joy that is born of thee ? part, flowers,  
The earth spreads out gladly her maize fields &  
To the kiss of the sun & the summer showers,  
Nor asks for how long it be.ought to bind me  
To further service; I gained their trust;
- Smaranda. Yea, she taketh thee joyfully, deathless Sun,  
Her heart sings aloud for glee; ades hid.  
She forgetteth the night as a dream that is done,  
For a moment's such joy, though it be but one,  
Can match with eternity !'s undermined,  
Since we planned this night long weeks ago.  
I told them that I would steal one hour

Up I sap I thid fine.

Swetlands

Up I sap I hord fine.

Speltz

The hifing is over.

Swetlands

And gawt is presentine.

Speltz

Oh, joyful swyng.  
How bright a fore tumpet.

Dohy

Warp leek I prouly pris first now howt be shorfer  
Thell shy to proue westa mommre basp ?  
You know no pime & wif a sonly osi knighe  
Thee ship will burn for ever in our herse.

Speltz

O, pion, wa am, how gladdia ap pia raiing  
The flowers of the barding blood basin,

Swetlands

And este pletter mesas pif droobed penesys pif efortui

Ma golden pride, has ond gay dsummed once more ?

Speltz

Yes, now pte wif has closing sway for ever.

Swetlands

Hun, be conperp, alios pris ois howt is liss.

Speltz

## DUTT

O intyrie love, wherelore coning we pa jouts

Speltz

The yow purr to purr to pree ?

The esty abrases oup gladdia her maste liffeles &

To pte hittas oif pte am & pte sunmer flowers,

Not sene for how long if pe.

Yes, epe psterp pris joyfulia, despyfess sun,

Swetlands

Her hesty sinas stony for pree;

She torreppely pris mifing as a drest purr is gone,

For a moment, a mony yow, prouly ip pe pup one,

Quu wsoy wifh eparrya !

Together.

O Splendour unquenchable, blinding all sight,  
Strong Love, sweep us onward with thee !  
Till cleaving the tempest & conquering the night,  
We are merged in thy glory and lost in thy light,  
The tide of thy measureless sea. *read*

Suddenly down through the gorges deep,  
The rocks that o'erhang them are undermined.  
The warning my signal, our warriors lie

Stefan. (sadly)

The song of joy must pause. Can'st thou, beloved,  
Call up the voice of strong, triumphant faith  
To sing my dirge to me ?

Smaranda. (breathlessly)

Smaranda. Stefan! what mean'st thou ? Is the storm not over,  
Ah ! must the lightning fall & blast my night ?

Stefan. (earnestly)

~~Who speaks of me ?~~  
Hast never asked, love, why I come tonight ?  
Hast thou not even asked it of thy heart ?  
What answer could it give, save one ? 'Twas thou  
Did'st raise my banner fearlessly on high,  
When even she who bore me wavered, doubting,  
And cast a stain on it; then can'st thou think  
I shall do aught save keep that banner pure ?

Stefan. ~~Is~~

Smaranda. Nay, for thou knowest that I trust thee wholly,  
Even as Death trusts its treasures to the grave.  
Yet could I think that thou had'st found a way....

Stefan.

No way but one,- to save this land we love.  
No way, but for this deed to give my life.

(continues in a tone of exultation)

Smaranda.

Our foes are trapped, we hold them now !  
Threading the passes, they lost their way,  
Then came I, acting a traitor's part,  
And swore to lead them by roads unknown  
Down to the valley, .. with mighty oaths,  
And fearful threats, they thought to bind me  
To faithful service; I gained their trust;  
They lent me freedom for one brief hour  
That I might spy where our comrades hid.  
Then I hastened & summoned those comrades brave  
And sent them forth to the Hanging Rocks,  
That by cunning hands were undermined,  
Since we planned this night long weeks ago.  
I told them that I would one hour

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O bittersweet midmorning! bidding it's light,  
Spring love, sweet as morning with thee!  
Till greeting the warmth & sunshine the birds bring,  
We sit merged in the solar song to the May lily.  
The pride of May messenger bees.

To begin.

The song of joy may bring. On, as you, beloved,  
Call up the voice of elation, triumphant lists thy  
To sing the dirge of me?

Splendid May moon? Is the dawn not over?  
Ah! what the inspiring lists & pass the night?

Never seen a sunning dove keep perch on my! (esemplifica)  
Has never seen a dove keep perch on my! (esemplifica)  
Has never seen a dove keep perch on my! (esemplifica)  
Has never seen a dove keep perch on my! (esemplifica)  
Has never seen a dove keep perch on my! (esemplifica)  
Has never seen a dove keep perch on my! (esemplifica)  
Has never seen a dove keep perch on my! (esemplifica)  
Has never seen a dove keep perch on my! (esemplifica)

Leave as Dearly pleasure to the pleasure to the taste.  
Yet could I picture your kiss, as long as May. Guards.

No May pup one - to save mine losing we love.  
No May pup for this been to give us life.  
(conclusion in a note of extempore)  
Our love the raspberry, we hold dear now!  
Traversing the bazaar, find love here now.  
Then come I, seeking a visitor, a guest.  
And more to feed pinky a rose matron.  
Down to the astilla, .. with mighty osprey.  
And testing pleasure, pinky prouder to bind me  
To testing service; I testing pinky print.  
They keep me freeborn for one pinky month.  
This I might add where our comrade find.  
Then I nape & sunning gross comrade please.  
And send pinky tour to the Hunting Room.  
This by summering asside were numberless.  
Since we busied myself for week ago.  
I hold pinky fast I won't easy from

Stefan. (lifted) To bid farewell to my bride, to thee.  
To kiss thee once more, ere I take the kiss  
(as) Of Her who waits in the night for me.  
But the hour hath sounded, and I must go;  
The foe never dream that where I lead  
Suddenly down through the gorges deep,  
The rocks that o'erhang them are undermined.  
(lifted) That, waiting my signal, our warriors lie if to go)  
Hidden beyond - but my horn shall sound,  
And the rocks shall fall and the foe be slain !

Smaranda. Thou art not go without a word to her  
Who holds thine honour, too, more dear than life.

Smaranda. (breathlessly)  
And thou, Stefan ?

Stefan. (moves to door at back & opens it)

Stefan. (more ecstatically) Who speaks of me ?  
The foe will be stricken, and those that flee,  
Driven back in confusion, shall fall a prey  
Mother. (approaching) To our heroes' swords ere the break of day !

Is it my son indeed who once I loved,  
Saw in him whom I loved thee best, thy bride or I ?

Smaranda. (insisting)  
And thou, Stefan ?

Stefan. Both loved me well. Twas thou that first did'st show

Stefan. (solemnly) Beloved, prayne had faith  
That the rock may strike me first of all,  
'Twere better far than that I should fall  
Beneath the vengeance of Turkish swords;  
Mother. (breathlessly) It cannot be but that I should die, is this ?  
I would end it straightway and peaceful lie  
Beneath thee, O Earth, thou mother mine.

Smaranda. O Mother, bless thy womb that bore him !  
For he is thrice a hero now;

Smaranda. (falling on her knees) Their destruction.  
My hero, above me I see thee shine,  
O best beloved, so far above, above it.  
I scarce dare think of our earthly love.  
Yet I love thee more a thousandfold,

Mother. (pressing her) Than I did in those careless days of old.  
Thy bride kneels lowly at thy feet  
And thanks thee thou hast thought her meet -  
To bear a part in thy sacrifice. See thee,  
That I may give my child to thee !

To bid farewell to my pride, to flee  
 To kiss your once more, ere I strike the kiss  
 Of her who waits in the night for me  
 But give from my sorrow, and I will go  
 The love never given the roses deep,  
 Saddened down forever the roses deep.  
 The roses pass o'er living green the mountain.  
 Thus, weeping - up the valley away,  
 And the roses pass still and the love is lost!

Symphony. (Pastoral)  
And your Sopranos?

Spells. (Loveless) Who abhors to me?  
 The love will be separation, and those girls flee,  
 Drivers back in confusion, said I still a break  
 To our heroes, swallows the love to us!

Symphony. (Imitation)  
And your Sopranos?

Spells. (Joyfully) Beloved, kiss  
 That the look was like the light of life  
 There pepper last year said I should last  
 Beneath the vermeil of twilight mounds;  
 If summer be past I should die  
 I would sing if it satisfied said because I lie  
 Besides you, O Harry, your memory mine.

Symphony. (Lullaby on her knees)  
My hero, above me I see your picture,  
 O dear beloved, so last spouse,  
 I scarce kiss him to our earthly love,  
 Yet I love your more a pronostication,  
 Thus I did to those sisters as day to old.  
 You pride leaves to my leaf  
 And you like pride from me keep  
 To bear a bairn in my bosom.

Stefan. (lifting her up)

O steadfast face ! O radiant eyes !  
(as if half dreaming)  
Lead me, dear vision, to the last...  
The bitterness of Death is past.

Crowd.

(They clasp each other. Pause. He moves as if to go)

Smaranda.

Thou must not go without a word to her  
Who holds thine honour, too, more dear than life.

Stefan.

I come ! I come !

Stefan. (moves to door at back & opens it)

Priest.

Mother ! - thy son calls yet again.

Mother. (appearing in doorway)

Who calls ?  
Is it my son indeed who once I loved, ?  
Say, which hath loved thee best, thy bride or I ?

Stefan.

Both loved me well. Twas thou that first did'st show  
The path I take today. 'Twas she had faith  
I should not fall therein.

Mother. (breathlessly)

What path is this ?

Smaranda.

O Mother, bless thy womb that bore him !

For he is thrice a hero now;

He lures the foe to their destruction.

But ah ! the price - the only price

Is his own life, and nought can save it.

The sun whereon I go to my death,

Beloved mine,

And thou whereon I go to my heart,

My heart

Thou wilt shine, my hero,

Come lie.

And glow with light.

And with joy, for it bears

Mother. (proudly)

My son once more in glory riseth !

The mist that veiled mine eyes hath cleared -

I blesx thee, son ! O land, I bless thee,

That I may give my child to thee !

To die.

Spellsus. (Holding her up)  
O sebastias ! O ! O libidinous leaves !  
(as it is the dresses)  
... Lead me, dear virgin, to the leaf.  
The pipperissa of Despina is base.

(They clasped each other. Burne. He moves as if to go)

Swallows. Your map crop so wifflong a word to her  
Who joyce pure honour, poor, more deer than life.

Spellsus. (moves to door of porch & comes up)  
Mopfer ! - play son osilie Aep sessin.

Mopfer. (sobbering in gowmaw) Who ositis ?  
Is it the son tundeed who once I loved ?  
Sea, wifc my hesty love free peap, my pride or I ?

me  
wofia ja'bid bid daird daird. Twas from first till last  
Doffy loveg em well. Twas from first till last  
The bespi I kstis possa. 'Twas alre mad last  
I shoud now tell myself.

Mopfer. (presently) What bespi is this ?

O Mopfer, please my mouth fupp bore this !  
For he is a prince a hero now;  
He turns the toe to the feet despatchion.  
Dug ay ! give mose - the outfit brace  
To my own little sunnongay onz save if.

Mopfer. (strongly)  
My son once more tu gorda rieapp !  
The wifc fupp valfied wine leaves hanp clastered -  
I please pree, boy ! O Isma, I please pree,  
Thus I wifc bive wa outfit po pree !

Soprano.

Bass.

And the King (A loud knocking at door. Stefan starts up from its  
That close about him, the half kneeling position he has assumed, & is  
about to go to the door when a crowd of men,  
headed by a priest, rush in)

Shall be proud indeed to rest  
Crowd. Stefan ! Stefan ! our brothers wait !  
Thou must not tarry longer here.  
Else will the foe suspect some treason  
And all be lost !

Priest

Stefan.

I come ! I come !

My blessing, my lips

Priest.

O thou that goest forth to die,  
For this our land, for these our people,  
Thou shalt not go without their blessing,  
Yea, theirs and mine I give thee now,  
In this the blessing of the Church !  
So that they surely all may know  
How brave a child, Roumania, thou hast borne.

Chorus.

Crowd.

Thou shalt not go without our blessing, lips  
Yea, his and ours he gives thee now.

(Bass.)

QUINTET & CHORUS.

Mother.

The sun when he dieth  
doth hide him not.  
And thou when thine hour  
is nigh,  
Thou wilt shine, my hero,  
and glow with light.  
Because thou goest forth  
to die.

Stefan.

Ere I go to my death,  
beloved mine,  
Once more on my heart  
come lie.  
And with joy, for it bear-  
eth thee locked within,  
This heart shall go forth  
to die.

A long journey of good. Spelt out words to the  
first meeting of his assembly, & to  
those who go to the good many a crowd of men  
gathered by a drapery, many in

Spells ! Spells ! our progress will !  
Union map now partly forced here.  
Life will be some person  
and it is top !

I come ! I come !

Crowd.  
Spells.

O poor miss soap today to die,  
For fits out last, for mice out before,  
Then strip top to washout please,  
Yes, master said mine I like please now,  
in this place pleasure to the church !  
So poor miss soap entirely still was now.  
How brave a sight, Romans, from base course.

Brace.

Then miss top to washout our pleasure,  
Yes, this sing out in likes please now.

Crowd.

### QUINTET & CHORUS.

Spells.  
Here I go to the garden,  
Before we were up.  
One more on the best,  
Come life.  
And miss joy, for it is best,  
This best said to go to top,  
po die.

Mopper.

The am well be diepp  
gops ride mix top  
And poor men putte now  
in half  
Then will shine, we never  
sing gloom miss life.  
Because poor soap today  
po die.

Smaranda.

And the kiss of thy bride,  
thy faithful bride,  
That close on thy mouth doth  
lie,  
Shall be proud indeed to rest  
on thy lips,  
Because thou goest forth  
to die.

Ileana.

The bird that gave thee its  
plumes for thy cap,  
Will be glad of it by  
and by.  
For those plumes will be  
red with a hero's blood,  
Because thou goest forth  
to die.

Priest  
My blessing, son, may it  
claim thy soul,  
When the waters of Death  
rage high.  
And the sign of the Cross I  
make o'er thee,  
Will be glad thou goest forth  
to die.

Priest.

The Valley of Death  
Waits for us. Chorus, and Heaven's voice  
Into that valley ride we go.  
Her kiss shall be proud to lie on thy lips  
Because thou goest forth to die.

(Bus.)

(Ileana, creeping softly behind Smaranda, takes her hand, pleadingly. Priest meanwhile has gone up gorge & looking back & seeing Ileana with Smaranda, he goes on into it.)

Ileana.

Dost thou not fear, Smaranda, sister ?  
Who knows whih way the fight hath turned ?  
May not the foe be hastening hither ?

Smaranda.

Nay, fear and I have said farewell.

(noting the scene, for she has been watching the gorge till now)

Ileana,- see ! the snow-white meadow !

(as if inspired)

This is my goal ! (stands at foot of grave.)

Royal  
Academy  
of Music  
Library

Jesus.

The bird pass save price life  
binne for pia esp  
will be lisy of if pa  
red pia  
for pia  
red pia  
descene pion bosep torphy  
po qie.

Smarstude.

Any pia riva of pia pride  
pia ist pia pride  
thus close on pia wonly copy  
on pia life  
must be broad imaged po leaf  
descene pion bosep torphy  
po qie.

Priest

Ma piaessing son may if  
closin pia son  
when the wespere of Despi  
lase nifit  
Any pia sian of the Cross I  
wate o'st pree  
will be lisy pion bosep torphy  
po qie.

Gjotur.

Her riva must be broad of ife on pia life  
descene pion bosep torphy po qie.  
(Bra.)

## E P I L O G U E

Scene:- The entrance of a rocky defile; mountains rising behind; a meadow covered with snow sloping up to the mouth of the gorge at side. Rocks right & left. The scene is lit by a waning moon, which gives place to dawn at the close.

Ileana. At opening of Scene four of Stefan's soldiers seen putting last handfuls of earth on grave (L.C?) which is to left on slightly raises mound under an overhanging rock; a large tree shattered by lightning overhangs the grave.

(Enter Smaranda with Priest & Ileana; she stands under the great overhanging tree, looking & listening.)

Mother. (Fortune-teller discovered on meadow at rise of Curtain)

Priest. The Valley of Death  
Waits for us here, and Heaven's voice  
Into that valley bids me go  
To seek the dying and the dead -  
Smaranda, wilt thou follow there ?

(Ileana, creeping softly behind Smaranda, takes her hand, pleadingly. Priest meanwhile has gone up gorge & looking back & seeing Ileana with Smaranda, he goes on into it.) (Pause)

Ileana. Dost thou not fear, Smaranda, sister ?  
Teller. Who knows which way the fight hath turned ?  
May not the foe be hastening hither ?

Smaranda. Nay, fear and I have said farewell.  
(noting the scene, for she has been watching the gorge till now)  
Ileana,- see ! the snow-wite meadow ! (kneels)  
(as if inspired)  
This is my goal ! (stands at foot of grave.)

## H P I L O G U E

Scene:- The entrance of a rock-a-bellie; moonlight  
Rock-a-bellie period; a mesdon covered with snow about  
Astute moon, which gives rise to the close.

Up opening of Scene four of Spelvin, a soldier  
seen jumping fast rapidly across snowing winter at  
which is to help on Astute river snowing winter at  
overturning rock; a large tree suspended by  
hanging overhanging pine tree.

(Hunger Swallows with Breast & Throat; the extreme  
mugger the breast covering pine tree, foliage &  
leaves).

(Tolpuke-pepper discovered on mesdon of tree  
of Captain)

The Astley of Desp'ry  
wrote for me here, said Hesven, a voice  
like first Astley paid me to  
To seek the dyke that the dead -  
Swallows, with pine follow pine to

(Jesus, breathing softly breathing Swallows, take her  
husband, behead him. Breast mouth like bone no  
bone & looking poor & seeing Jesus with Swallows,  
the bone on top of it.)

Deep down top test, Swallows, after I  
who know myself was the first help turned to  
my top toe be sharpening his/her ?

Swallows, my last said I have said istemelli.  
nothing the scene, for she has been specifying the  
George Pitt now  
Jesus, - see ! pine snow-wife mesdon !  
(as it happened)  
This is the best ! (as above of tree.)

(She now stands as if in a dream, gazing before her with an exalted expression)

Ileana. Then here I watch and wait with thee.

(Enter the Mother, from same side)

Ileana. Thou here...

Mother.

(Some of the Roumanian soldiers enter from the some; the Shall age or feeble limbs ard, but Prevail against me in this hour ? My way-worn feet have scaled the heights - in full) Daughter, by thee I stand and wait.

Fortune-teller.

(advancing & standing under shattered tree)  
What seek ye here upon the meadow,  
Where the white woman passes over,  
Where the dark wings enfold you nigh ?

Mother. (approaching her with pitying gesture, scornful no more)

O faithless one - dost yet not see ?  
Not see that heroes' souls borne upward  
By conquering Love, rise dauntless, high  
Above all fear of harm or death ?  
Then look on her (points to Smaranda who stands as before)

and learn, as I  
Too late have learned !

(Pause)

Fortune-teller.

(after gazing on Smaranda, begins softly, as if in wonder, then as though seeing a vision)  
Blind, blind was I who thought I saw !  
But she has opened wide for me I see  
My soul's dark windows, - and I see !  
Though the white woman passes over,  
I see - an angel's form she wears...  
I see - the wings that brood above us, (kneels)  
Tho' once they loomed as dark as night,  
Are angels' wings - and heavenly bright.

1st Soldier. (with enthusiasm)

Onward into the jaws of death

(She now stands as tall as I in a dress, saying  
before her wife in extiped exortation)

Then here I stand and wait my place.

Tales.

(Higher up higher, from same side)

Then here ...

Tales.

Still she or I sleep if I am

Mother.

Please! say me in this hour ?  
Ma Ma-Mom! keep safe cosafe my baby -  
Dungiper, da fine I am sing and wait.

(Savagery & Esquidry under hisperated tree)  
Wife see! he here about the messon,  
Where the wife mouse boses over,  
Where the day wife entold her to

Topper.  
Pettler.

(Soothsaying her wife displaying hercule, according to note)  
O Lippiese one - goar her top see !  
Hof see hisp before, sonja porto thawsing  
Da condurking love, this sumptuous, my  
Apoet still less to instill or gessy ?  
Then look on her (points to sustains who absurdly  
as before)

sing itself, as I

Too ispe save herself !  
(Burne)

Topper.  
Pettler.

(Sisper sessing on sustains, pering soifia, as it in  
wonder, than as pioney seening a haly !  
Hind, pifid was I who proning I am !  
Bup this ispe open wide for me  
Ma soni, a day windowes, - said I see !  
Thouny give wife mouse boses over,  
I see - as shay, a lowe she weare ...  
I see - the wife spove me, (meete)

At the supple, wife - sing nessentia prifing.

(A tumult heard in the distance & the sound  
of pipes. All listen. One soldier appears, -  
then three or four - then a group.)

Fortune-teller. (in triumph)

This way the storm-wind flies - this way !  
And on its pinions victory bears !

(Some of the Roumanian soldiers enter from the  
gorge; they are blood-stained & haggard, but  
wave their weapons in triumph)

(The stage is full)

Soldiers' Chorus

The pass is won !  
The valley saved, the deed is done,  
Urrarah, Urrarah !

The tyrant foe —  
Must sheathe his sword, his might lies low.  
Urrarah, Urrarah !

Now safe and free  
May house & wife & children be,  
Urrarah, Urrarah !

Hail to the brave,  
Who gladly died our land to save, (pause) See,  
Urrarah, Urrarah !

Priest. (startled)

Stefan lies there ?

Mother. (in ecstasy)

Did I not know that it must be ?  
At last, at last, my eyes shall see  
My hero crowned with victory !

Priest. (to himself)

Look up - be strong, Smaranda, give God thanks

For that thy hero hath won instant rest.

Smaranda. (who has been searching the faces of the men)

And he - Stefan ?

See his face on earth no more,

For where he fell, 'twas willed that he should sleep.

Ist Soldier. (with enthusiasm)

In peace ? See - even here.

Onward into the jaws of death into to grave)

(A) parody using in the despotic & the coming  
of despot. All Japan. One soldier sabotage,  
then friend or foe - friend a foe !

Lorraine-Peffert. (in parody)  
This was the short-winded life - this was !  
And no life binoculars detects !

(Some of the Romantic soldiers prefer long life  
battle; they use blood-absorbing & passing, put  
wise soldier wounds in pitchfork)  
(The soldier at Tutti)

Soldier, Gloria

The base is now !  
The artillery savagely, the dead is done,  
Uttaristi !

The burning toe  
May explosive hit awards, hit now !  
Uttaristi !

Now safe and free  
May house & wife & children be,  
Uttaristi !

He'll to the private  
Who gloriously die on the field to save,  
Uttaristi !

Mopfier. (in ecstasy)  
Dig I now know what it means to see ?  
Up Isaf, up Isaf, we have such fun !  
We hero clowning with uproar !

(The soldier)  
Germans. (who use need assassinating the faces of the men)  
And she - Spetsen ?

Up Soldier. (with explosion)  
Germans into the law of despair

(Smaranda with a cry flings herself on the grave,  
Careless of Death he led the foe,  
Through the night's deep silence his horn rang out,  
And our warriors gathered their strength amain,  
And the rocks crashed down and the foe were slain.

Priest. Give God thanks for the soldier brave  
Smaranda. (as before) th homage we bid farewell.  
And he - Stefan ?

Soldiers. The earth was proud to feel his footsteps.  
Fortune-teller. (pointing to gorge) Stefan lies there !  
Glorious his lot hath been, yet even  
Like to the eagle's and the sun's.

(Smaranda turns wildly & questions the men;  
then turns to Ileana, while soldiers speak  
aside to Priest) (cross upon his heart.  
(kneeling)

Ist Soldier. How may I tell the hero's death,  
And yet not crush that bleeding heart, hasten  
Brave heart that gave him up for us ? people  
Go, holy man, strong soul, speak thou - .  
Tell her he had his utmost wish,  
Not by the foeman's cruel sword  
(The hero's heart was pierced, - but, swift) As fall the thunder-bolt from heaven,  
So the rock smote his life from him;

Priest. (going to him) And scarce a human vestige left a cross; she sees  
For foemen to wreck vengeance on - .  
Yea - or for friend to honour ! (pause) See,  
We laid him there.

I pray God grant thee the last grace of all,  
The grace to yield with brave A willow bough  
To the grave of thy hero.

Priest. (startled) If so Stefan lies there ?

Yea, thou hast given thy hero to me, my master,  
His country's heart doth thank thee for the gift.  
The glorious (Pause.) oh, mar it not the scene !  
But walk with never failing courage on.

Priest. (to Smaranda) to the end.

Look up - be strong, Smaranda, give God thanks  
For that thy hero hath won instant rest.

(Smaranda looks wildly round)

Nay, thou mayest see his face on earth no more,  
For where he fell, 'twas willed that he should sleep.  
Is it not well that on the snow-white meadow  
Stefan should lie in peace ? See - even here.

(points to grave)

Cherleas of Desir to the toe,  
Tidology the drift, a dead silence in a hour runs out,  
And our wristless fingers sprangly swim,  
And the voice clasped down and the toe were laid.

Sisterhoods. (as before)  
And he - before I

Lorpuine -  
Pettler.  
(bottling to bottle) Before I  
(Sisterhoods puns with & deepest the men;  
given puns to illness, wife soldier absents  
saints to Please)

Tap Soldier. How may I tell the hero, a guest,  
And keep my countryman pass freely herself  
Please herself pass save him on the road  
Go, joyful now, strong son, dear son -  
Tell her she had the honour myself  
Not by the leaves, a tent away  
The hero, a guest was discovered, - poor, awfully  
As still the mind-body from heaven,  
So the look some fits till now him;  
And scarce a human escape left  
Not to wear vengeance on -  
Yes - or the training to form! (sister) See,  
We said him here.

Brother. (as before) Before I

(sister.)

Please. (to Sisterhoods)

Look up - be strong, Sisterhoods, give God thanks  
Not first you into help now impeding least.  
(Sisterhoods looks with a longing)  
Now, your master see in a lace on the earth no more,  
Not where the left, was willing pass in sorrowing sleep.  
It is not well pass on the snow-white snows  
Sisterhoods looking like in base & even here.  
(bottling to vase)

Ileana. (who has been weeping over grave) (Smaranda with a cry flings herself on the grave. Priest breaks off some branches from tree over grave & plants a rough cross at head of grave, while soldiers & others gather round - hats off.)

Priest. We give God thanks for the soldier brave  
To whom with homage we bid farewell.

Soldiers. The earth was proud to feel his footsteps.  
The sunshine proud to be his sunshine.  
Glorious his lot hath been, yea, even  
Like to the eagle's and the sun's.  
For men must raise their heads to look on them.  
And he hath died, even as the sunshine dieth,  
In radiant light, God's cross upon his heart.  
(kneeling)

Priest. (to soldiers & others)  
Ye must not linger here. My brothers, hasten  
Back to the village, where our captive people  
Long for the news of freedom and of hope.

(Exeunt omnes except Priest, Ileana & Smaranda)

Priest. (going to Smaranda, tries to give her a cross; she sees him not, her face buried in the grass.)

Smaranda ! Sorrow may not conquer thee;  
I pray God grant thee the last grace of all,  
The grace to yield with brave & willing heart  
The sacrifice He asks.  
Yea, thou hast given thy hero to his country,  
His country's heart doth thank thee for the gift.  
The glorious gift ! oh, mar it not with tears,  
But walk with never failing courage on  
Victorious to the end.



Ileana. (who has been bending near, laying her hand on Smaranda's shoulder)

She weepeth not, - her heart is lifted up.  
Since for our country thus her hero died,  
And not in vain; (sadly) but she hath gone with him  
Gone as it might be to Death's very gates.  
She dwells no more with us and hears no more  
Our yearning voices - nay, not even mine !  
Not even I, her sister of the cross,  
Can now weep near her heart, or minister  
To her great sorrow... see ! she hears us not.

Priest.

So it must be, Ileana, bear with it.  
This of her burden is thy part to bear:  
To stand aside and till she needs thee, wait.  
The spirit that hath pierced the veil and lives  
In sacred deep communion with the dead  
Is scarce alive perchance to this our life,  
And even such love as thine may not break in  
Upon that hour.

(turning to Smaranda) God comfort thee, Smaranda !

(Exit Priest. Exit Ileana L., looking sadly once  
or twice in Smaranda's direction)

(Smaranda, finding she is alone, raises herself & looks round as if in a dream)



(She unexpectedly discovers the crucifix which the priest has laid beside her; with a cry she rises to her feet, looking at crucifix as if to try & collect her thoughts. Suddenly she kisses it passionately, clasping it to her heart.)

(Dawn gradually turns into a red light preceding the first rays of the sun)

(An expression of ecstasy & love is on her face)-

Only I know when I am in the grave  
And see my heart's beloved, I shall stay,  
Stay there for ever with my lightsome step,  
My gaily ringing voice and happy smile.

C U R T A I N.